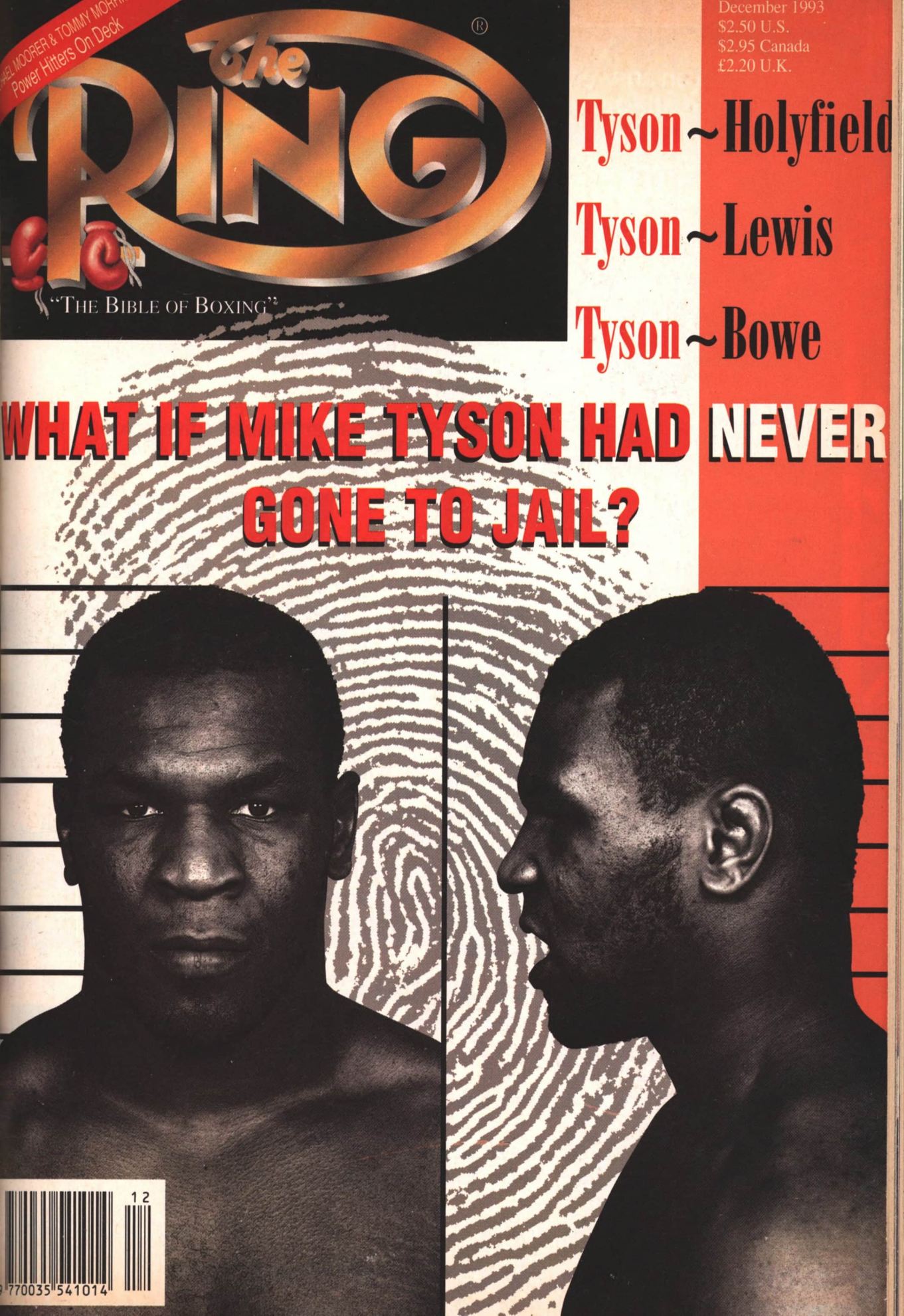

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Actual questions

Which of the boxers was not a heavyweight champion in the Olympics?

1) George Foreman
2) Henry Tillman
3) Joe Frazier
4) Mike Tyson

He was the only undefeated heavyweight champion

1) Rocky Marciano
2) Joe Louis
3) Jack Dempsey
4) Rocky Graziano

Which man is known as "The Fight Doctor"?

1) Don King
2) Angelo Dundee
3) Ferdie Pacheco
4) Howard Cosell

Where does a rabbit-punch hit?

1) the groin
2) the ears
3) the kidneys
4) the back of the head

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Contents

December 1993

page 35

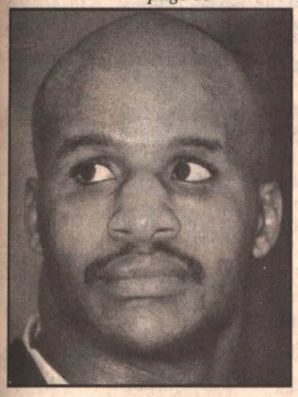
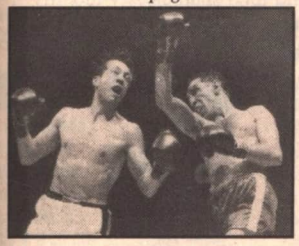


PHOTO CREDITS
Cover: Mike Tyson
by Roy London
Centerfold: Tyson-Spinks
by Associated Press

page 40



FEATURES

18 **THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE PHOTO QUIZ**
This Month: First-Round Kayos

20 **BEST OF A NATION**
Cuba's All-Time Top 10
by Mario Rivera

22 **THE EMOTIONAL RESURRECTION OF JOHNNY CHAVEZ**
Battling Back From The Brink Of Suicide
by Lee Groves

26 **WHAT IF MIKE TYSON HAD NEVER GONE TO JAIL?**
Looking Back At What Might Have Been
by Steve Farhood

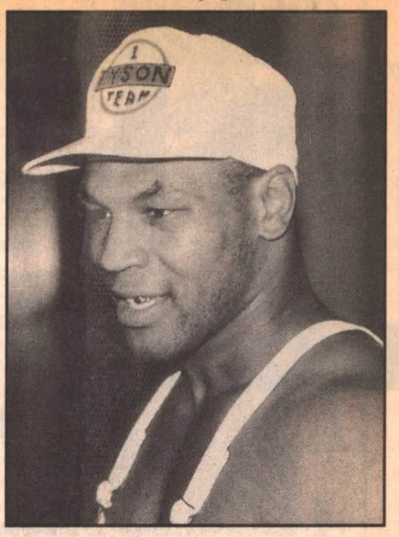
30 **FREDDIE PENDLETON FIGHTS THROUGH THE HEARTBREAK**
"It Was A Perfect Scenario For Disaster"
by Nigel Collins

35 **ON DECK: MICHAEL MOORER & TOMMY MORRISON**
Power Hitters Waiting For Their Turns At Bat
by Eric Karabell

40 **GETTING DEFENSIVE ABOUT WILLIE PEP**
"See—They've All Forgotten Me"
by Karl Swisher

42 **"THE HUMAN FREIGHT CAR"**
When Ed Dunkhorst Was The Biggest Fighter In Boxing
by Pete Ehrmann

page 26



Color Centerfold

38 **MIKE TYSON KO 1 MICHAEL SPINKS**

Ringside Reports And Analyses

46 **FIGHTER OF THE MONTH & RINGSIDE REPORTS**

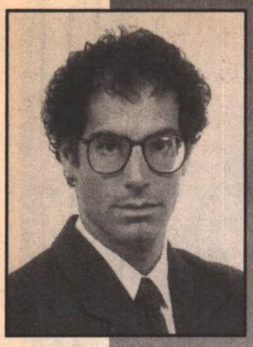
Ratings

10 **THE RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS & RECORDS**

66 **WBC, WBA, & IBF RATINGS**

DEPARTMENTS

4 **RINGSIDE** *by Steve Farhood*
6 **COME OUT WRITING**
8 **ROUND ONE**
14 **RYAN OUT LOUD** *by Jeff Ryan*
16 **NEW FACES:** Junior Welterweight George Scott
by Mark Jacobs
24 **BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS:** Alexis Arguello vs. Azumah Nelson
32 **TIME CAPSULES** *by Stanley Weston*
44 **WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS**
65 **BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK** *by Don Scott*
68 **THE RING CLASSIC: STANLEY KETCHEL—THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN**
by Webb Kyle
74 **LOOKING AHEAD**



Ringside

After more than 15 years in this lousy, filthy, stinking, wonderful business, you'd think I'd have a clue. But the more I find out, the less I know. If you think that's confusing, how do you explain ...

... that I live in the biggest city in the world, and I have to travel 3,000 miles to attend a major fight? By the way, July's Carbajal-Kim, Pendleton-Paez doubleheader at Caesars Palace confirmed my belief that in big-time boxing, Las Vegas is to Atlantic City what Sharon Stone is to Whoopi Goldberg.

... that boxing is getting less media coverage than ever before? Charles Murray defended the IBF junior welterweight title against Juan LaPorte on a Saturday afternoon in Atlantic City, and not one New York or Philadelphia newspaper carried the result, much less a story, until the following Monday.

... that when the media does cover boxing, significant facts are regularly misreported? WBC middleweight champion Gerald McClellan knocked out Jay Bell in 30 seconds, but in the papers, the time of the stoppage was given as 20 seconds, which would have made it the quickest kayo in world title fight history. (The record still belongs to James Warring KO 1 James Pritchard, which lasted 24 seconds.)

... that everyone in boxing complains the sport is slumping, yet the powers-that-be won't make the biggest fight of them all, Riddick Bowe-Lennox Lewis, until most fans forget who Bowe and Lewis are?

... that someone might actually pay Roberto Duran almost $1-million for a fight against Vinny Pazienza?

... that mediocre heavyweights can make more money than exceptionally talented lower-weight champions? And while you're at it, please explain how British loser Frank Bruno can fight once (vs. Lennox Lewis) and earn 10 times what world titlists like Kennedy McKinney and Genaro Hernandez make over five years.

... that George Foreman is even considering fighting again?

... that the alphabet organizations enforce their rules, but only some of the time? Bantamweight Junior Jones and cruiserweight Orlin Norris have been mandatory challengers for months, but seem more likely to contract malaria than secure a try at the title.

... that referees don't seem particularly anxious to enforce the rules, either? How many times in recent months have you seen a fighter score a knockdown and then add an unpenalized sucker punch while his opponent is flat? Ray Mercer did it to Tony Willis, and Terry Norris seems to do it all the time.

... that Mercer and Jesse Ferguson are actually hot heavyweights?

... that TV announcers bemoan the state of the game in one breath, and then shamelessly identify relatively insignificant fights as being contested for the WBC or WBF or WBO Inter-Continental or Penta-Continental or Continental-Continental title?

And we wonder why most sports fans would rather watch the NBA.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

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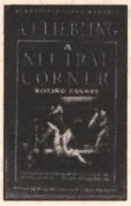

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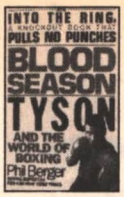

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YOUNG ROCKY: A TRUE STORY OF ROCKY ATILLIO CASTELLANI
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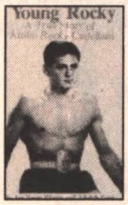

ARCHIE MOORE: THE OLE MONGOOSE
by Dr. Marilyn G. Douroux. In this authorized biography of one of the world's most distinguished and beloved fighters, the author gives a compelling and complete account of Moore's life, in and out of the ring. Dozens of rare photographs. 240 pages.
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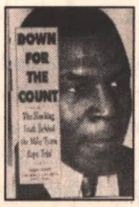

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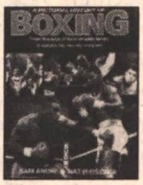

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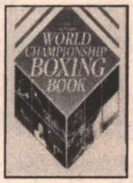

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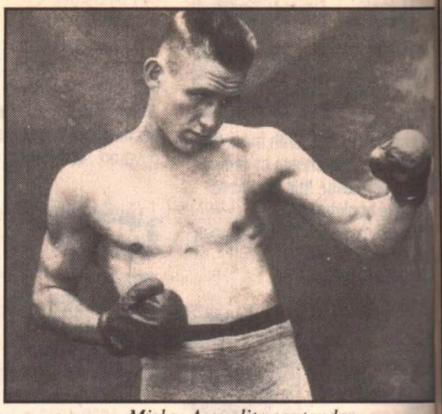


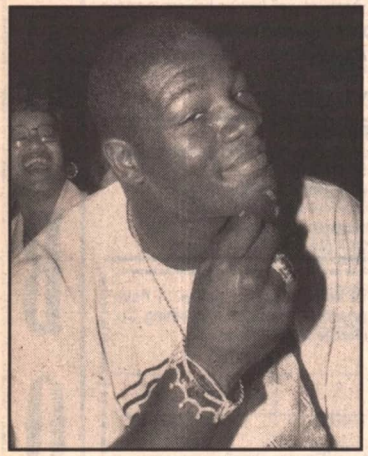
Miske: A quality contender

Concerning Jack Dempsey's "tarnishing" of the heavyweight title by facing Billy Miske ("If Riddick Bowe Is Tarnishing The Heavyweight Title ... Then So Did Dempsey And Louis And Marciano And Ali," October 1993), it must be pointed out that in addition to suffering from Bright's disease, Miske was also a legitimate contender for the title. Before his September 1920 bout with Dempsey, he had lost only once (to Kid Norfolk) and had beaten such men as Gunboat Smith, Jim Flynn, Bill Brennan, and Jack Moran. He had also fought no-decision bouts against Al McCoy, Harry Greb, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Mike O'Dowd, and *Jack Dempsey*.

Following the loss to Dempsey, Miske fought *24* times over a three-year period, beating quality men such as Billy Shade, Fred Fulton, Tommy Gibbons, and Brennan. Hardly an undistinguished career.

Aside to Steve Farhood: In spite of your Dempsey-bashing beliefs, the Jack Dempsey of 1918-1923, under those rules, would have savaged a Muhammad Ali, who really lost to Doug Jones and, during his prime, had several other controversial matches.

STEVE VANCE
Dalton, GA



Bowe: Money in the bank

BOWE-LEWIS

I'm sick and tired of hearing about Riddick Bowe not fighting Lennox Lewis. Boxing is a job for both of them, and if Bowe chooses to make a living fighting stiffs for millions of bucks a pop, then let him. Bowe offered Lewis a decent sum of money to fight him, but Lewis turned him down. This was smart; based on Lewis' performance against Tony Tucker, Bowe would have an easy night.

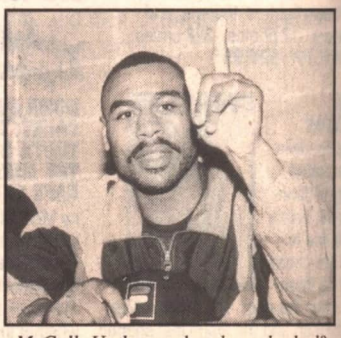
Let Bowe and Lewis fatten their bank accounts until they decide they have earned enough to fight each other.

TED PANAGIOTIS
Pawtucket, RI

HEAVYWEIGHTS, GOOD AND BAD

I have repeatedly seen Bruce Seldon, Mike Dixon, and Jesse Ferguson on national television. I enjoy seeing them in action. However, what does the fighter who beat them all have to do to receive recognition? I'm talking about the most feared and underrated heavyweight today, Oliver McCall.

DR. JOHN JONES
Inkster, MI



McCall: Underrated and overlooked?

Alex Garcia is an overrated big-mouth pretender! He sounded real tough before his fight with blown-up cruiserweight James Warring. Then he plodded after his opponent for 12 rounds, hoping he could knock Warring out with one of his hooks. Put Garcia in with Michael Moorer or Tommy Morrison and watch his impersonation of a real fighter quickly come to an end.

JEFF JESCHKE
Niles, MI ■

Volume 72, No. 12 December 1993

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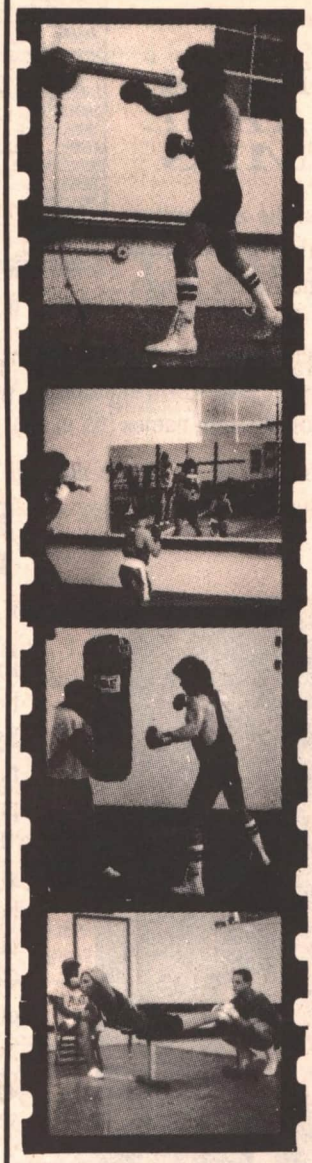

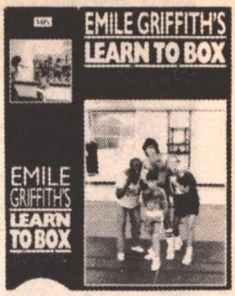

"Anyone watching this tape will gain a new appreciation for the sport and the athletes who participate in it. Boxing fans as well as would-be boxers will want to add this one to their collection."
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Round One

CHAMPS AND *REAL* CHAMPS

Operating on the assumption that the alphabet boys know nothing, and the media knows even less, the British weekly *Boxing News* went directly to the fans for the answers. The question: In each of boxing's 17 divisions, who is the *real* world champion? What bothers us is not the divergence of opinion, but the number of different names (65 in all)!

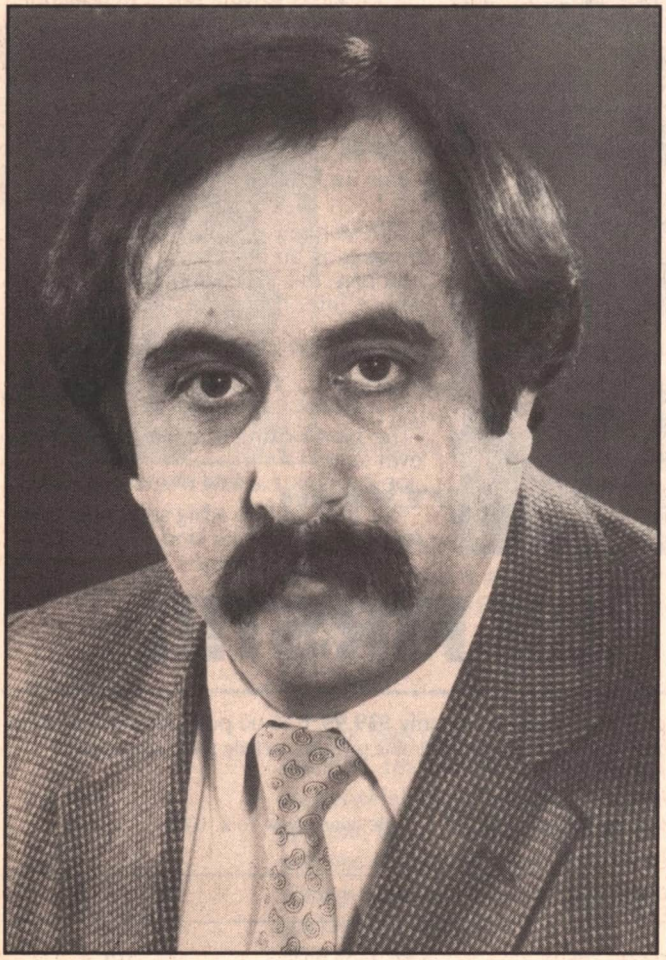
HARRY MULLAN goes behind the scenes
Boxing News editor

WHERE YOUR VOTES WENT

(Figures show percentage of total)

WEIGHT	WBC		WBA		IBF		WBO	
Heavy	Lewis	19	Bowe	80	(Bowe)		Morrison	1
Cruiser	Wamba	21	Czyz	39	Cole	40	Giovannini	0
Light-heavy	Harding	17	Hill	61	Maske	20	Barber	2
Super-middle	Benn	4	Nunn	19	Toney	73	Eubank	4
Middle	McClellan	62	Johnson	9	Jones	29	Pyatt	0
Light-middle	Norris	97	Vasquez	2	Rosi	1	Vacant	
Welter	Whitaker	93	Espana	5	Trinidad	2	Jacobsen	0
Light-welter	Chavez	100	Coggi	0	Murray	0	Padilla	0
Lightweight	Gonzalez	36	Thobela	32	Pendleton	29	Parisi	3
Super-feather	Nelson	96	Hernandez	2	Molina	2	Bredahl	0
Feather	Vargas	87	Park	11	Johnson	1	Robinson	1
Super-bantam	Patterson	39	Vasquez	18	McKinney	43	Jimenez	0
Bantam	Byon	1	Julio	8	Canizales	91	Del Valle	0
Super-fly	Moon	34	Onizuka	20	Borboa	45	Bredahl	1
Flyweight	Arbachakov	66	Griman	12	Sithbang	20	Matlala	2
Light-fly	Carbajal	91	Yuh	9	(Carbajal)		Camacho	0
Strawweight	Lopez	95	Porpaoin	4	Vorapin	0	Weir	1

The champs and the pretenders



Kushner: Heavyweight-crazy

BIG-BOY BASHES

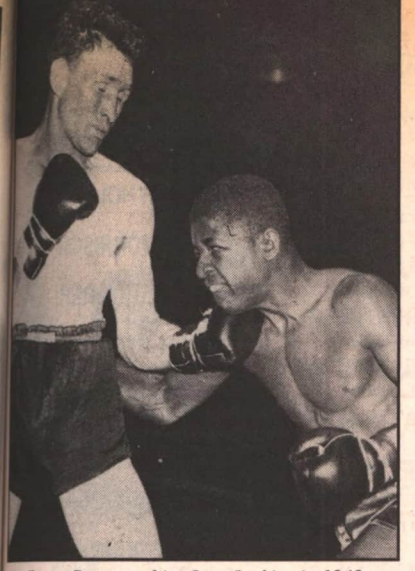
Some fans feel the need to apologize for their interest in boxing's behemoths, as if heavyweight fights were auto wrecks or Sylvester Stallone movies. (Come to think of it, maybe they are.) It is exactly those fans that promoter Cedric Kushner's new monthly series, "Heavyweight Explosion," will appeal to. The shows, held at a variety of sites, match heavyweights, only heavyweights, and nothing but heavyweights. They're televised live on the Cedric Kushner Sports Network in Europe and on tape in the USA (on SportsChannel America). Sam Smith calls the blow-by-blow and Bob Spagnola, who manages Orlando Canizales, serves as analyst.

Kushner's first three promotions featured everything from faded veterans to hot prospects. A partial listing of the participants: Bonecrusher Smith, Shannon Briggs, Buster Mathis Jr., Corrie Sanders, Bert Cooper, Nino Ribalta, David Tua, Axel Schulz, and Andrew Golota.

"We're programmers as much as promoters," explained Jim DiLorenzo, Kushner's director of television. "The idea came out of our reading of the international audience's interests. Heavyweights are one element that even non-boxing fans are interested in."

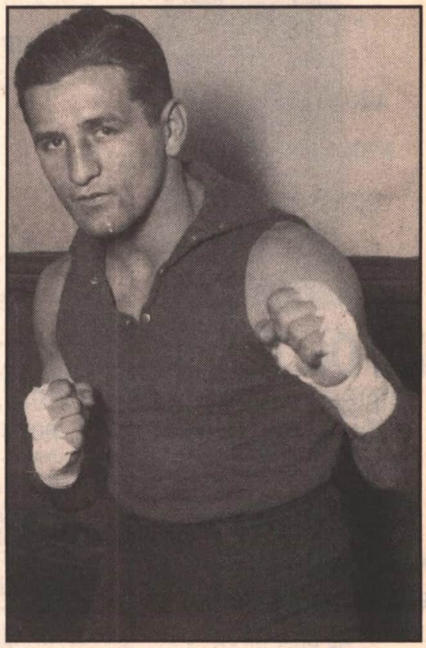
Even if they're too embarrassed to admit it.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES



Percy Bassett whips Lew Jenkins in 1949

In July, one-time featherweight contender **Percy Bassett** died of cancer in his native Philadelphia. He was 64. Bassett, who fought from 1947 to 1955, compiled a mark of 64-12-1 (41). He defeated, among others, Jimmy Carter, Harold Dade, Lew Jenkins, Orlando Zulueta, and Red Top Davis, but was never given a shot at world champion Sandy Saddler ... In August, former middleweight champion **Marvelous Marvin Hagler** was arraigned in Conway, New Hampshire, on a drunken-driving charge.



Young Corbett III in 1928

YOUNG CORBETT III— 1905-1993

One-time world welterweight champion Young Corbett III died of Alzheimer's disease in Auberry, California. He was 88.

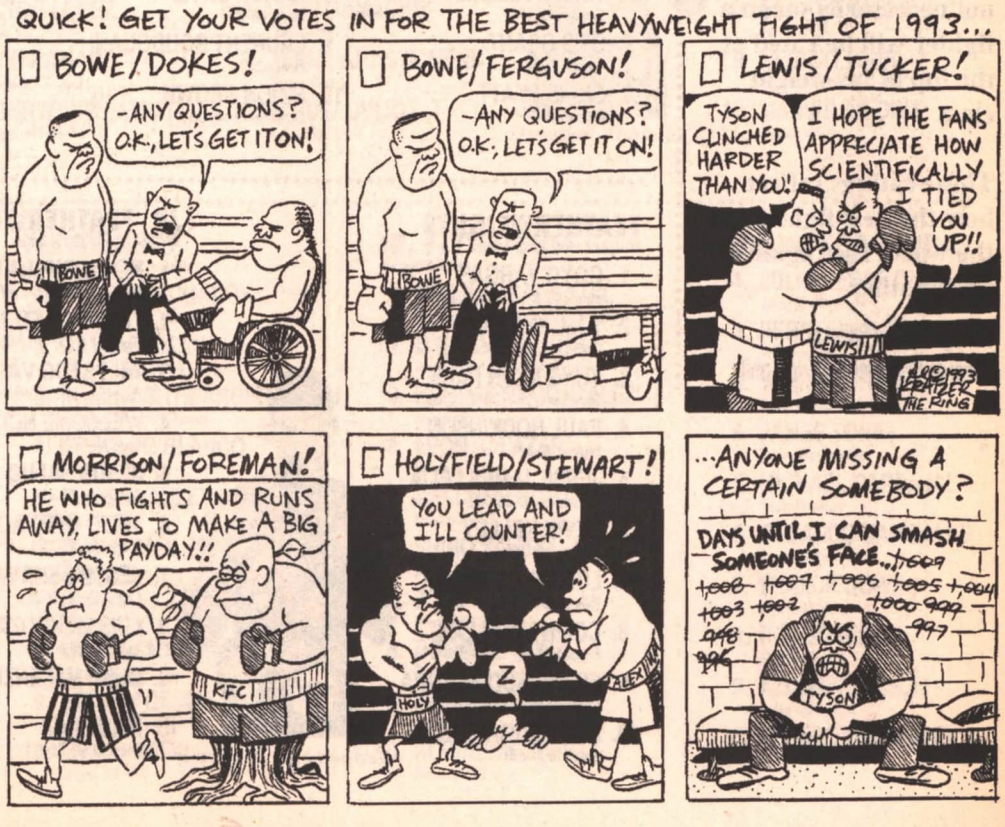
Born Raffaele Capabianca Giordano in the Campana region of Italy, Corbett was based in Fresno, California, throughout his 24-year career. (His family moved to the United States when he was one.) As a youngster, he worked as a grape-picker, and at age 13, he began boxing "for the fun of it."

A clever southpaw who almost always went the distance, Corbett met such notables as Young Jack Thompson, Fred Apostoli, Lou Brouillard, Ceferino Garcia, Gus Lesnevich, Billy Conn, and Mickey Walker. He won the world title on February 22, 1933, outpointing Jackie Fields over 10 rounds. He made his only defense on May 29 of the same year and was kayoed in one unforgettable round by Jimmy McLarnin. Only seconds before Corbett was knocked off his feet, it appeared he was about to finish the challenger. Then McLarnin landed one of his brutal right hands.

Corbett's last bout was an exhibition in 1942. He finished with a record of 123-11-17 (33). In his post-boxing years, he ran a bar in Fresno.

"He was a throwback to the days when a popular local fighter never left home," said Jack Fiske, columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the dean of boxing writers. "He only fought outside of California four times." ■

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



The Ring Ratings

For Period Ended
August 12, 1993

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors
Records Compiled By Eric Armit

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

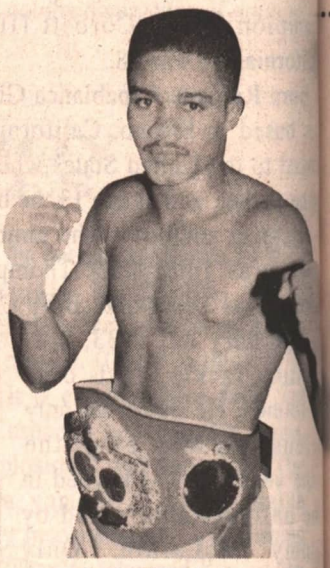
1. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Fort Washington, MD *34-0 (WBA/IBF Ch*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS**
   England *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Atlanta, GA *29-1*
4. **TOMMY MORRISON**
   Merriam, KS *36-1*
5. **MICHAEL MOORER**
   Detroit, MI *33-0*
6. **TONY TUBBS**
   Redondo Beach, CA *34-4*
7. **GEORGE FOREMAN**
   Marshall, TX *72-4*
8. **OLIVER McCALL**
   Chicago, IL *22-5*
9. **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
   Canada *27-4-1*
10. **FRANK BRUNO**
    England *36-3*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **ROY JONES**
   Pensacola, FL *22-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **GERALD McCLELLAN**
   Freeport, IL *29-2 (WBC Champ)*
3. **REGGIE JOHNSON**
   Houston, TX *34-2-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JULIAN JACKSON**
   Virgin Islands *47-2*
5. **THOMAS TATE**
   Houston, TX *28-2*
6. **LAMAR PARKS**
   Greeneville, SC *26-1*
7. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA *23-2*
8. **VINNY PAZIENZA**
   Cranston, RI *34-5*
9. **OTIS GRANT**
   Canada *21-0*
10. **CHRIS PYATT**
    England *37-3*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

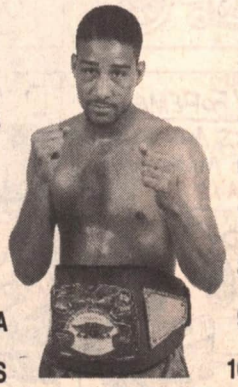
1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *35-3 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *44-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
   Italy *57-3 (IBF Champ)*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
   Seattle, WA *28-0*
5. **VERNON PHILLIPS**
   New York, NY *19-5*
6. **GILBERT DELE**
   France *33-3-1*
7. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *30-1*
8. **AARON DAVIS**
   Bronx, NY *38-1*
9. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *24-1*
10. **SIMON BROWN**
    Germantown, MD *38-2*



Felix Trinidad

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **GOYO VARGAS**
   Mexico *29-3-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *31-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **YUNG KYUN PARK**
   South Korea *24-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **PAUL HODKINSON**
   England *22-2-1*
5. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *26-0-1*
6. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *35-0*
7. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *32-6*
8. **COLIN McMILLAN**
   England *23-2*
9. **FRANCISCO SEGURA**
   Coachella, CA *22-6-1*
10. **BABY SUGAR ROJAS**
    Colombia *37-6-1*



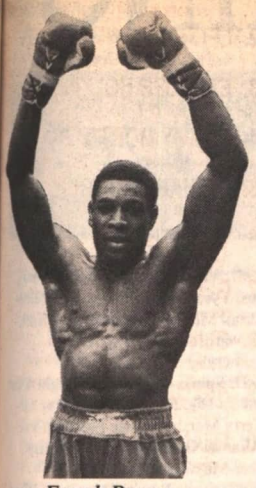
Kennedy McKinney

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Las Vegas, NV *24-0-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *47-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **WILFREDO VASQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *37-6-3 (WBA Champ)*
4. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *31-1*
5. **JESUS SALUD**
   San Diego, CA *45-5*
6. **JULIO GERVACIO**
   Puerto Rico *27-3-2*
7. **JESSE BENAVIDES**
   Corpus Christi, TX *36-3-1*
8. **LUIS MENDOZA**
   Colombia *34-4-2*
9. **DUKE McKENZIE**
   England *33-4*
10. **MAUI DIAZ**
    San Jose, CA *25-0*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **ORLANDO CANIZALE**
   Laredo, TX *34-1-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *30-0*
3. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *24-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JUNG IL BYUN**
   South Korea *10-0 (WBC Champ)*
5. **JOICHIRO TATSUYOS**
   Japan *9-1-1 (Interim WBC Champ)*
6. **RAFAEL DEL VALLE**
   Puerto Rico *15-0*
7. **VICTOR RABANALES**
   Mexico *33-12-2*
8. **EDDIE COOK**
   Las Vegas, NV *18-2*
9. **HAROLD MESTRE**
   Colombia *17-2*
10. **ISRAEL CONTRERAS**
    Venezuela *35-3-1*



Frank Bruno

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 195 pounds

1. **ORLIN NORRIS**
   Campo, CA *36-3*
2. **ANACLET WAMBA**
   France *39-2 (WBC Champ)*
3. **BOBBY CZYZ**
   Montgomery County, NJ *40-5 (WBA Champ)*
4. **AL COLE**
   Spring Valley, NY *23-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **ARTHUR WILLIAMS**
   Las Vegas, NV *19-1-1*
6. **NATE MILLER**
   Philadelphia, PA *23-3*
7. **AKIM TAFER**
   France *17-3*
8. **MARCELO FIGUEROA**
   Argentina *31-3*
9. **ROBERT DANIELS**
   Miami, FL *24-2-1*
10. **MASSIMILIANO DURAN**
    Italy *19-4*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **VIRGIL HILL**
   Bismarck, ND *35-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **HENRY MASKE**
   Germany *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JEFF HARDING**
   Australia *23-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS**
   Mansfield, OH *34-5-2*
5. **LEEONZER BARBER**
   Detroit, MI *17-1*
6. **MIKE McCALLUM**
   Brooklyn, NY *44-2-1*
7. **FRANK TATE**
   Houston, TX *32-3*
8. **IRAN BARKLEY**
   Bronx, NY *30-8*
9. **ERNESTO MAGDALENO**
   Westminster, CA *15-0-1*
10. **EGERTON MARCUS**
    Canada *11-0*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **JAMES TONEY**
   Ann Arbor, MI *39-0-2 (IBF Champ)*
2. **MICHAEL NUNN**
   Davenport, IA *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **CHRIS EUBANK**
   England *36-0*
4. **NIGEL BENN**
   England *34-2 (WBC Champ)*
5. **TIM LITTLES**
   Flint, MI *23-0*
6. **VICTOR CORDOBA**
   N. Ireland *19-5-2*
7. **DARRIN VAN HORN**
   Lexington, KY *53-3*
8. **TONY THORNTON**
   Glassboro, NJ *32-5-1*
9. **FRANK LILES**
   N. Hollywood, CA *23-1*
10. **ANTOINE BYRD**
    Los Angeles, CA *23-4-1*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

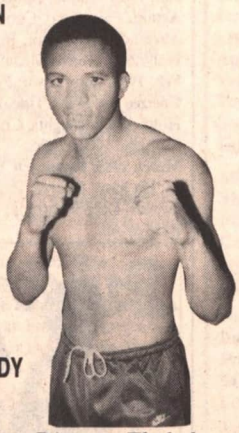
1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *32-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *21-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **CRISANTO ESPANA**
   N. Ireland *29-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **BUDDY McGIRT**
   Hauppauge, NY *58-3-1*
5. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *51-0*
6. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *17-0-1*
7. **DAVID GONZALEZ**
   Houston, TX *33-2-1*
8. **LARRY BARNES**
   Mt. Vernon, NY *28-1*
9. **SANTOS CARDONA**
   Puerto Rico *27-3*
10. **KEVIN POMPEY**
    Troy, NY *28-4-2*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *87-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina *62-2-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *9-0*
5. **ZACK PADILLA**
   Azusa, CA *17-1-1*
6. **CARLOS GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *36-1*
7. **TERRENCE ALLI**
   Linden, NJ *52-8-2*
8. **HECTOR LOPEZ**
   Tarzana, CA *26-2*
9. **DAVID KAMAU**
   Los Angeles, CA *20-0*
10. **ROGER MAYWEATHER**
    Las Vegas, NV *44-9*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *28-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *35-17-4 (IBF Champ)*
3. **DINGAAN THOBELA**
   South Africa *29-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *37-1*
5. **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
   Takoma Park, MD *29-0*
6. **TONY LOPEZ**
   Sacramento, CA *42-4-1*
7. **NAZAROV OLZUBEK**
   Japan *17-0*
8. **JOEY GAMACHE**
   Lewiston, ME *31-1*
9. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *44-4-2*
10. **MIGUEL JULIO**
    Colombia *23-1-1*



Dingaan Thobela

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *36-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *28-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *32-3 (IBF Champ)*
4. **CALVIN GROVE**
   Coatesville, PA *43-5*
5. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *33-2*
6. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Montebello, CA *8-0*
7. **VICTOR HUGO PAZ**
   Argentina *36-1-1*
8. **RENATO CORNETT**
   Australia *23-1-1*
9. **REGILIO TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *32-3-1*
10. **MANUEL MEDINA**
    Mexico *47-5*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **SUNG KIL MOON**
   South Korea *20-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **KATSUYA ONIZUKA**
   Japan *21-0 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO BORBOA**
   Mexico *19-4 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KHAOYAI MAHASARAKAM**
   Thailand *43-3*
5. **ROBERT QUIROGA**
   San Antonio, TX *20-1*
6. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *26-0*
7. **JOHNNY BREDAHL**
   Denmark *18-0*
8. **VINCENZO BELCASTRO**
   Italy *24-5-3*
9. **CESAR SOTO**
   Mexico *35-5-2*
10. **JOEL LUNA ZARATE**
    Mexico *21-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *16-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **DAVID GRIMAN**
   Venezuela *16-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **PHICHIT SITHBANGPRACHAN**
   Thailand *15-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **RODOLFO BLANCO**
   Colombia *26-7-1*
5. **DAVE McAULEY**
   Ireland *18-3-2*
6. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *33-4-1*
7. **JOSE LUIS ZEPEDA**
   Mexico *23-11-2*
8. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *14-1*
9. **SCOTTY OLSON**
   Las Vegas, NV *25-1*
10. **ERIC GRIFFIN**
    Jasper, TN *10-0*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *28-0 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **MYUNG WOO YUH**
   South Korea *38-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **HUMBERTO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *35-2*
4. **LEON SALAZAR**
   Panama *15-3-1*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *36-4-3*
6. **SHIRO YAHIRO**
   Japan *17-0-1*
7. **JOSE DeJESUS**
   Puerto Rico *26-2-1*
8. **DOMINGO SOSA**
   Dominican Republic *19-1*
9. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *20-5*
10. **ROBINSON CUESTA**
    Panama *23-1*

POUND FOR POUND

1. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Junior Welterweight
2. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
3. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
4. **JAMES TONEY**
   Super Middleweight
5. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Junior Flyweight
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Bantamweight
7. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Heavyweight
8. **ROY JONES**
   Middleweight
9. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Junior Lightweight
10. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
    Junior Featherweight

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March 1984: Fighter Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Plus: *The Ring's* annual awards, 1983 fight calender, Carl Williams, Jung-Koo Chang, Chandler-Ruiz (color).

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July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: *Ring* Olympic Special. Plus: Mark Breland, Sugar Ray Leonard, Frank Bruno, Bramble-Mancini (color), Hatcher-Bumphus (color).

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

APRIL 1985

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed . . . Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler—Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1922-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight *Ring* covers (color).

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Mike Tyson, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, computer bantamweight tournament.

May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be . . . But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight . . . And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again—How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness: Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech-Azumah Nelson, Overrated and Underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Muhammad Ali (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, Rating the 44 World Champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

March 1992: Turning Heads—Ray Mercer Makes His Statement To The Heavyweights. Plus: Lou Nova, 1980 Olympic team, boxing cards, Rodrigo Valdes, *Ring's* New Year's wish, Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali, Jack Dempsey (color).

April 1992: Is Evander Holyfield Tough Enough To Stay On Top? Plus: Buddy McGirt, George Foreman, Toney-McCallum, referees, Marvin Hart, Al Hostak, Eusebio Pedroza-Salvador Sanchez, Ketchel-Johnson (color).

May 1992: Fighter Of The Year: James Toney. Plus: Roy Jones, Rocky Graziano, longest title reigns, Myung Woo Huh & Khaosai Galaxy, James Warring, Billy Soose, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).

June 1992: After Mike Tyson's Conviction: What Now? Plus: Buck Smith, Billy Graham, Holmes-Mercer, Enrique Pinder & Hilario Zapata, Toney-Tiberi, Foreman-Liston, Tyson (color).

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

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Sept. 1992: Julio Cesar Chavez: Unbeaten At 80-0, But What If He Had To Fight The Legends? Plus: Bobby Czyz, Genaro Hernandez & Nicky Acevedo, alternate careers, Norris-Taylor, Tommy Gibbons, Sugar Ray Robinson (color).

Oct. 1992: The Supreme Dream: The Heavyweight Hopes Of The Heavyweight Hopefuls. Plus: Kevin Kelley, All-Time Top 10: South Africa, Meldrick Taylor, Sharmba Mitchell, Bob Foster, Eder Jofre, Max Baer (color).

Nov. 1992: Who'll Stop The Reign? Is Riddick Bowe The Next Heavyweight Champion? Plus: Mike Tyson, Tommy Morrison, Chavez-Camacho preview, All-Time Top 10: Australia, Tracy Patterson, Pat Barrett, Knockout Brown, Corbett-Sullivan (color).

Dec. 1992: Foreman vs. Morrison: Should This Fight Happen . . . Will You Watch It? Plus: Ruddock-Lewis preview, Julian Jackson, Al Cole, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey Museum, Randolph Turpin, Olympic recap, Floyd Patterson (color).

Jan. 1993: Slammin' n' Jammin'—Bowe & Holyfield Go One On One. Plus: The State Of The Game, Gene Fullmer, Chavez-Camacho, Sullivan & Fitzsimmons, Bigfoot Martin, Carmen Basilio (color).

Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).

March 1993: From Question Man To Answer Man: Riddick Bowe Leaves No Doubts. Plus: Lennox Lewis, Lopez-Gamache, Frank Bruno, Rocky Kansas, Frank Fletcher, Crisanto Espana, Bowe-Lewis (color).

April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, Argentina's All-Time Top 10, Fighters of the Year (color).

May 1993: Oscar De La Hoya's Sprint To The Title: Is He Good Enough Now? Plus: *The Ring* poll, Freddie Pendleton, Carbajal-Gonzales preview, Benny Leonard, Charley Burley, Lennox Lewis (color).

June 1993: Riddick Bowe, The Man, By LeRoy Neiman. Plus: Ireland's Top 10, Paul Hodkinson, Ray Mercer, James Toney-Iran Barkley, Kennedy McKinney, LeRoy Neiman (color).

July 1993: Pernell Whitaker Asks, "Who's Number One Now, Julio?" Plus: Carbajal-Gonzalez, Richard Steele, The Brawl At The Great Wall, Michael Moorer, Chavez-Haugen (color).

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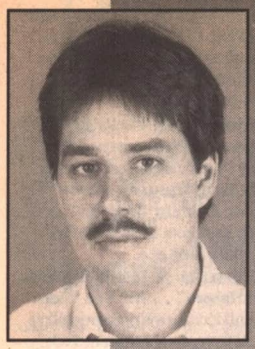


Ryan Out Loud

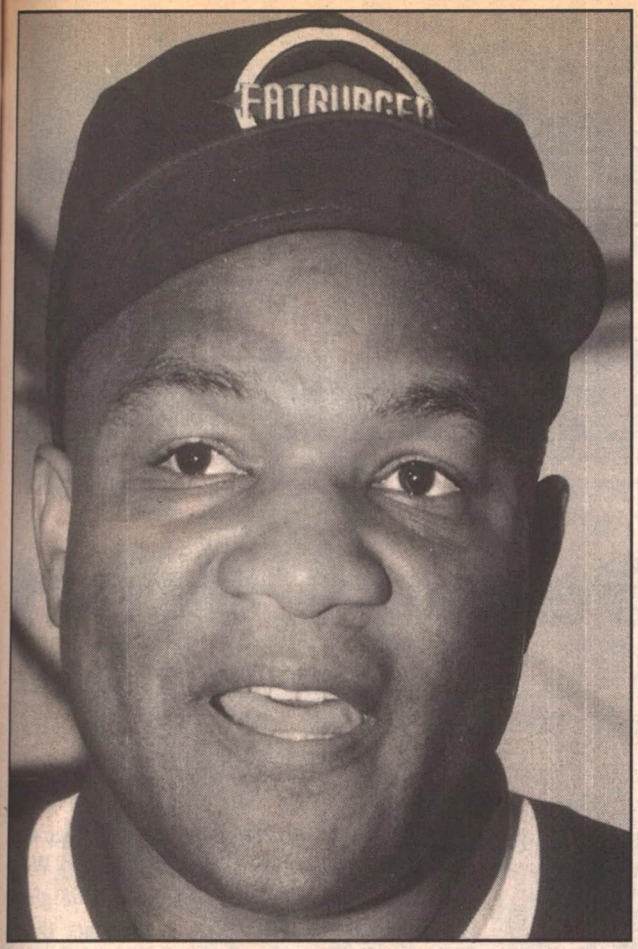
BEANBALLS AND UPPERCUTS

By Jeff Ryan

In terms of smart-alecks getting their comeuppance, it wasn't in the same ballpark as Chavez crunching Camacho or that episode of The Flying Nunn that unfolded courtesy of James Toney's left hook. The ballpark it *was* in was Arlington Stadium. The Rangers' Nolan Ryan plunked the White Sox' Robin Ventura with a fastball. Ventura charged the pitcher. The 46-year-old Ryan stood flat-footed in mound-center, grabbed his attacker around the neck, and started rockin' Robin with five short rights and a gorgeous right uppercut. Ventura ended up deposited behind the mound like a rosin bag.

Two lessons should be learned from the old man's grand stand. First, don't mess with a Ryan. Second, boxing and baseball have a lot more in common that you might realize.

Nolan Ryan winds up with his Sunday punch. The kayo victim was Chicago White Sox' Robin Ventura. Ryan's teammate Ivan Rodriguez was in the rear, doing his best Rock Newman imitation.



Golden Oldie Time: Big George Foreman vs. "Fireball" Nolan Ryan. NO catcher's masks or Louisville Sluggers allowed.

Take a look around. Don't both sports have catchers? In baseball, they're guys like Darren Daulton. In boxing, they're guys like Pierre Coetzer. Both sports also have a bullpen. In baseball, it's the place where a relief pitcher warms up. In boxing, it's the writing implement that churns out half-hearted fight "proposals" from the Bowe camp to the Lewis camp, or vice versa. And both sports have fortysomething, living-legend Texans who can scare the hell out of you if they buzz their best stuff under your chin. Nolan Ryan pitches on every fifth day. Watch a night of TV, and it seems that George Foreman pitches on every fifth commercial. Meineke. Burger King. Doritos. And on and on.

Ryan and Foreman. Since the Ventura venture, sportswriters with warped senses of humor have been repeatedly comparing the two. There are however, some differences. Ryan sometimes can't find the plate. Foreman can *always* find the plate. Ryan is a spokesman for Advil. Foreman gives people headaches. But the biggest difference of all is that Foreman, who is hanging around and waiting for one more $8-million phone call, doesn't deserve a shot at the heavyweight title. Ryan does.

That's right, let this column officially kick off the campaign to get old number 34 a crack at old number 1, or 1A. (That's Riddick Bowe and Lennox Lewis on your scorecard.) The heavyweight division is gridlocked, clogged like a kitchen drain, and it's time for some new old blood or old new blood, or whatever. Bowe and Lewis haven't exactly ridden in on white horses to save the day. Maybe the savior of the weight class can be someone who smells like Ben Gay, creaks like the Munsters' front door, and has more dangerous curves than most round-card girls.

Give you one good reason why Ryan deserves a title shot? Heck, I'll give you *five*:

His manager will spare us any drawn-out negotiations: A few months ago, Rangers manager Kevin Kennedy announced that he was going to have his pitchers throw at the Kansas City Royals. They did, and the expected bench-clearer resulted. Kennedy is no Rock Newman or Frank Maloney. He's not afraid to send his boys into battle. No faxes, purse bids, counter offers, or modest proposals required for Ryan's shot. Just set a date and Nolan will show up with his glove, er, gloves in his gymbag.

Ryan will be a fighting champion: As proven by his stand-up routine against Ventura, Ryan doesn't duck anyone. That's why, after he bears Bowe or Lewis, he'll be counting the days until Mike Tyson steps into the batter's box. After pitching against the Yankees all these years, Ryan won't be intimidated facing a guy who's wearing stripes. And a Tyson-Ryan march is intriguing. Number 34 has blown away the Red Sox and the White Sox, but how would he fare against a powerhitter with no sox?

He's hard to hit: Are you tired of watching Holyfield, Morrison, Stewart, Bruno, and every other heavyweight who couldn't slip a punch if he was standing on a patch of ice coated motor oil? Defense is a lost art in boxing, but Ryan knows how not to get shelled. He has seven no-hitters, albeit about 20 less than Pernell Whitaker, but still pretty good. When Bowe and Lewis take a swing at Ryan, they might end up connecting only in their dreams.

If Ryan is on his game, the smell of victory will be in the air and his opponent can't help but take a whiff.

The fight will be on the level: Immediately following the basebrawl, rumors surfaced that a TV microphone had picked up Ryan telling Ventura, "I'll give you a hundred grand and a fat changeup if you go down." The rumor is false. Ryans are men of integrity, and what number 34 was actually saying when his lips were seen moving was, "Charge me, sonny boy, and I'll show you a seventh-inning stretch!" Ryan is merciless, but with a lower-case "m."

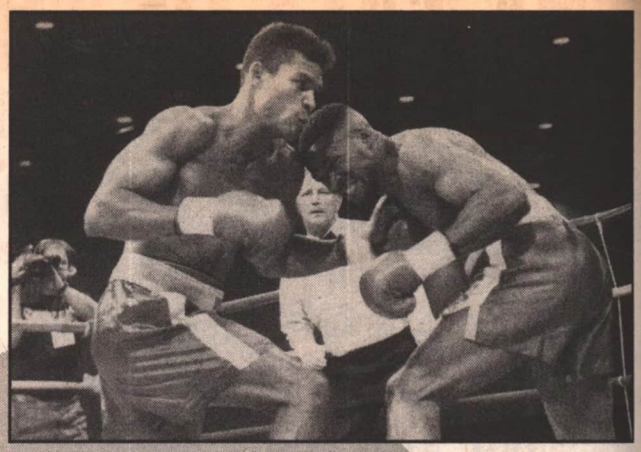
He is retiring from baseball: Ryan says the '93 season is his last in the big leagues, so he's going to need some way to channel his competitive fire. It would be a shame if he hung on in baseball so long that he embarrassed himself. Let him try boxing, a sport in which George Foreman and Larry Holmes have made reputation-tarnishing a science, and where the sight of middle-aged men huffing and puffing is commonplace.

If Ryan falters, blame me for encouraging all of this. But don't count on any such thing happening. This guy looks like a natural fit for a pair of trunks. Now, instead of plugging Bic Shavers, he can start plugging Razor Ruddock. He can still fire the fastball at the letters, they'll just be the letters tattooed on Alex Garcia's stomach instead of the ones sewn on Don Mattingly's jersey.

And he can keep himself busy until that day when his wife hangs up the phone, smiles, and tells him, yes, that was his agent calling to inform him that he's just been voted into the Hall of Fame.

To which old number 34 will reply, "That's great, honey. Cooperstown or Canastota?" ■

New Faces



In July, Scott went 10 rounds for the first time, scoring a points win over veteran Donald Allison. The 1988 Olympic silver medalist is 18-0.

George Scott

Junior Welterweight

By Mark Jacobs

For most of us, the childhood image of home presents a clear picture. We can drive through the old neighborhood and take a look at the place that reminds us of better times. Even when the house no longer stands, photos in a scrapbook preserve our fondest memories.

For George Scott, home is only a scent. Little else remains of a childhood that ended at age six in the African nation of Liberia.

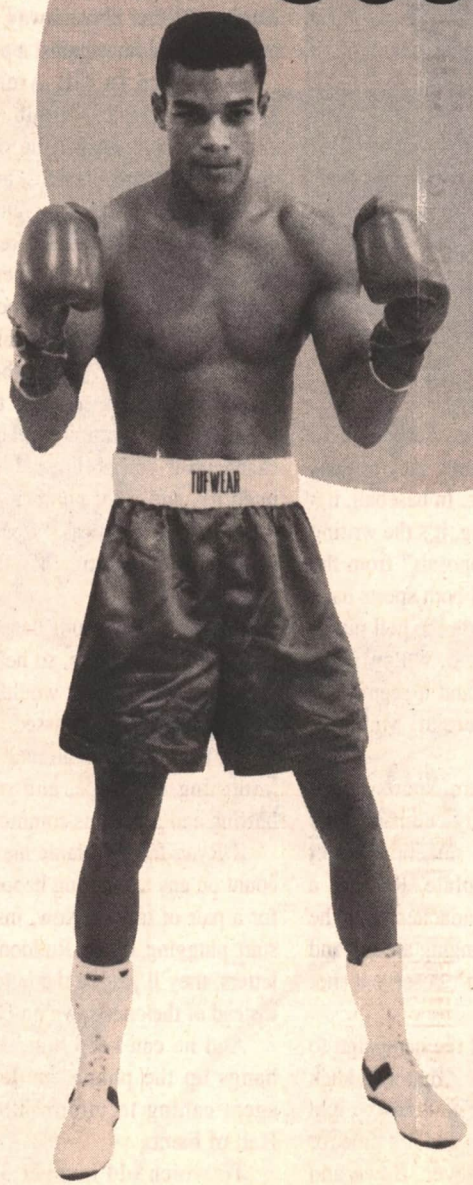
"I don't remember many things about home," said Scott. "But sometimes I'll smell something that reminds me of Liberia. I can't really describe it, but sometimes I can feel it in me and remember."

Going through his paces at Angelo Dundee's upscale gym in Hollywood, Florida, Scott exhibits a poise and smoothness that belies his turbulent past. He glides across the ring with grace and throws punches in fluid combinations.

After two years as a pro, the 1988 Olympic silver medalist is 18-0, though he has never been tested. But outside the ring, Scott has often fought a pitched battle against life.

His mother, with 22 children, a husband who died on the day George was born, and constant civil war raging in Liberia, sent

(Continued on page 50)



PRO RECORD

1991		
July 29	Armando Gutierrez, Miami Beach	KO 1
Aug. 16	Steve Frederick, Charleston	W 4
Sept. 21	Wayne Windle, London	KO 2
Oct. 18	John Jones, Atlantic City	W 4
Dec. 15	George Kellman, Miami Beach	W 4
1992		
Feb. 1	John Smith, Birmingham, England	KO 3
Feb. 20	Aaron Shockley, Chicago	KO 1
Mar. 27	Jeff Schuyler, Tampa	KO 4
May 9	Jerry Perez, Las Vegas	W 6
May 30	Fernando Ruperto, Daytona Beach	KO 4
July 11	Russell Mosley, Las Vegas	KO 5
Oct. 31	Wayne Sheppard, London	KO 6
1993		
Jan. 15	Mike Powell, Scottsdale, AZ	W 8
Feb. 26	Juan Galvan, St. Petersburg, FL	KO 2
April 3	Eddie Pollard, Miami	KO 4
April 30	Darren McGrue, Orange Beach, AL	W 8
May 22	John Stewart, Washington, D.C.	W 8
July 23	Donald Allison, Atlantic City	W 10

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
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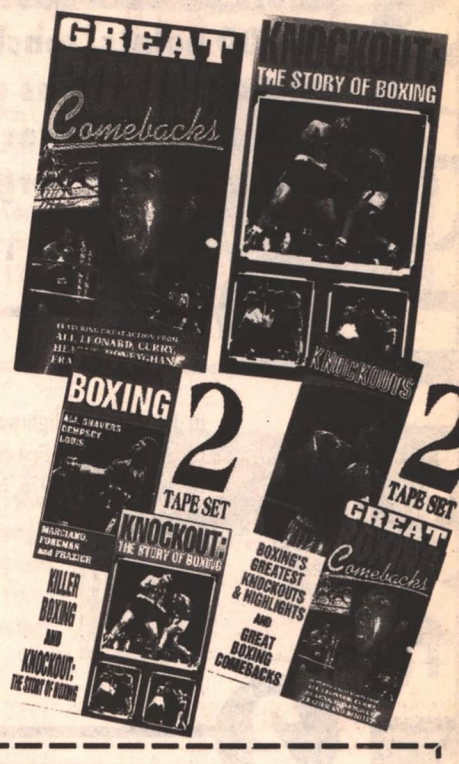

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THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

PHOTO QUIZ TEST

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

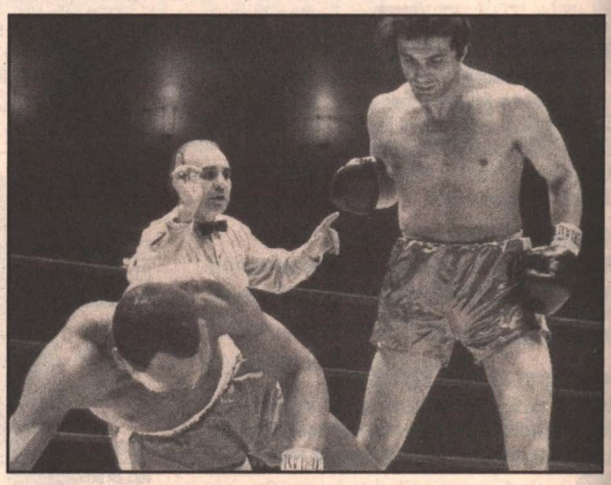
THIS MONTH: FIRST-ROUND KAYOS.

1

In defense of the lightweight title, Roberto Duran scored two first-round kayos. This one came in October 1976. Name the victim, who lasted 137 seconds.

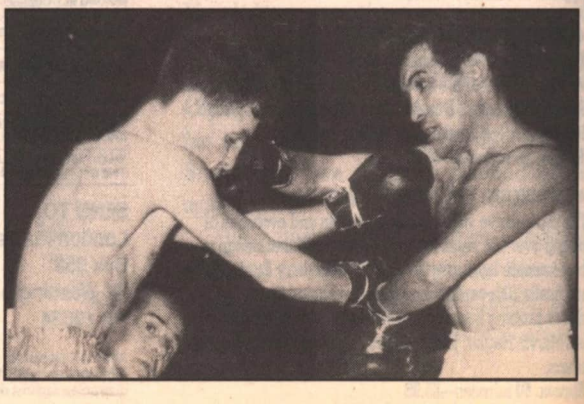
2

This January 1969 world title fight ended inside of one round, with the fighter on the canvas rising to score three knockdowns and retain the crown. Name both contestants.



3

Equal time for the little guys. With this right hand, flyweight champion Pascual Perez kept the title in March 1957. Take five bonus points if you can name the challenger, who hailed from Great Britain.



YOUR BOXING IQ

4

Roger Mayweather lost the junior lightweight title via one-round knockout to Rocky Lockridge. His previous defense was also a quickie kayo. Hint: His opponent was from Chile. (Don't you hate it when we give away the answer?)

5

In title fights, Joe Louis was the king of the first-round knockout. In January 1942, he registered his 20th successful defense against a challenger who had also been victim number 17.

6

In May 1982, this defending lightweight champion lasted six seconds short of a round. His conqueror: Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini.

7

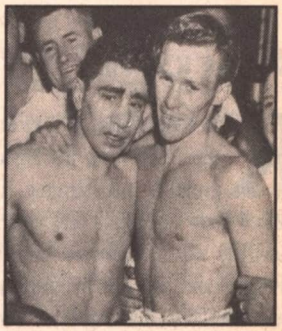
Sixty-three years ago, Tony Canzoneri won the world lightweight title with a 66-second kayo of a New Yorker who reigned less than four months.

8

Manager Al Braverman and referee Jay Edson would've made for a pretty good scrap, but they were only supporting players in this 1973 heavyweight title fight, which lasted exactly two minutes. Hint: The winner was George Foreman.

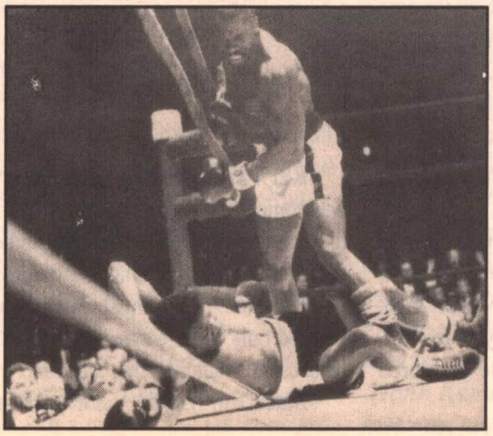
9

The poor guy on the left looks like he took punches for 139 rounds, not seconds. In November 1952, he lost the world bantamweight title to Australia's dynamic Jimmy Carruthers.



10

In a 112-bout career, Emile Griffith was stopped only twice. His first kayo loss came in December 1963, when he was welterweight champion. (It was a non-title fight.) Name the winner.



ANSWERS:

1) Alvaro Rojas
2) Bob Foster,
Frankie DePaula (standing)
3) Dai Dower
4) Benedicto Villablanca
5) Buddy Baer
6) Art Frias
7) Al Singer
8) Joe "King" Roman
9) Vic Towell
10) Rubin "Hurricane" Carter

THIS MONTH:
CUBA

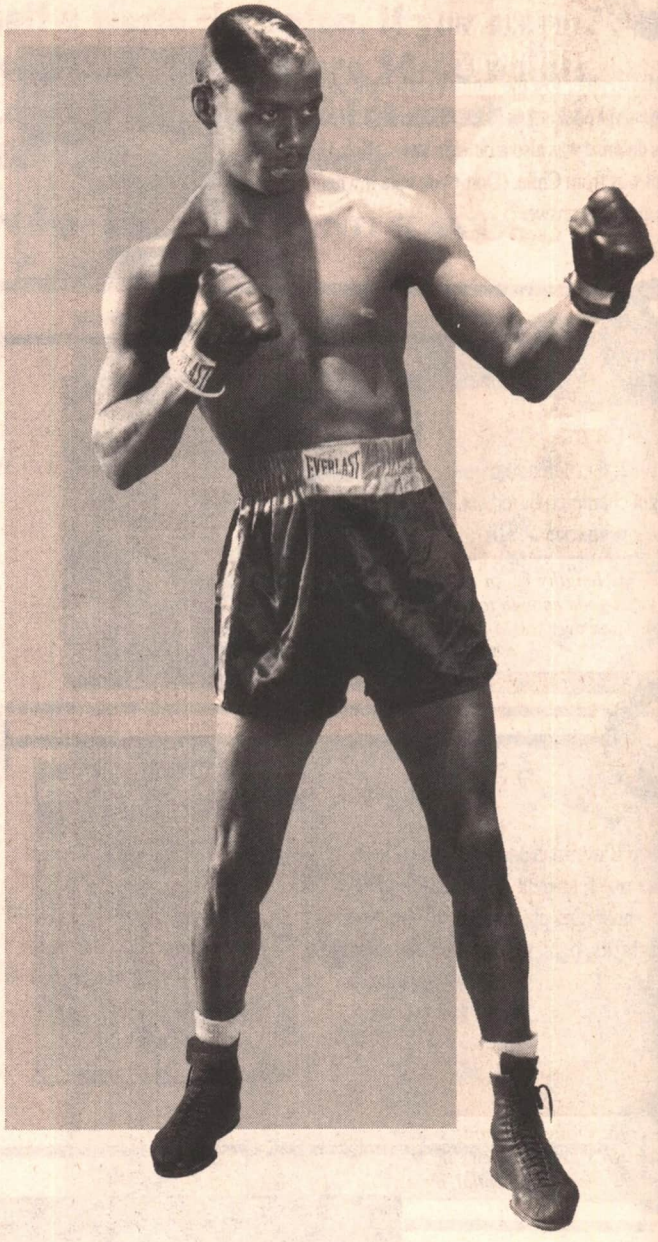
1. Kid Chocolate
2. Kid Gavilan
3. Luis Rodriguez
4. Kid Tunero
5. Black Bill
6. Jose Napoles
7. Jose Legra
8. Ultiminio Ramos
9. Doug Vaillant
10. Benny Paret

By Hank Kaplan

Kid Chocolate (Eligio Sardinias) cannot be separated from his legacy—that of Cuba's greatest mitt-slinger. In the late-'20s, he dazzled New York fight fans with his flash and speed. Chocolate was a defensive marvel with a big kick in his right hand. Despite his intrigue with the lights of Broadway, his blazing fists and clever footwork brought him to the featherweight and junior lightweight thrones.

•**Kid Gavilan** (Gerardo Gonzalez) was the most colorful performer of his time. "The Cuban Hawk," who popularized the bolo punch, enjoyed a viewership matched by few others during boxing's first television era. His strengths: fierce flurries, superb instincts, and a shock absorber of a chin. He won the welterweight title in 1951, outpointing Johnny Bratton, and made seven successful defenses.

•**Luis Rodriguez** was perhaps the greatest pure boxing artisan in Cuban history. Rodriguez mixed a relaxed stance and smooth, economic style with frenzied assaults to gain the world welterweight title from Emile Griffith in 1963. (It was his only victory in four 15-round distance bouts vs. his nemesis, even though he outscored Griffith in cumulative points.)



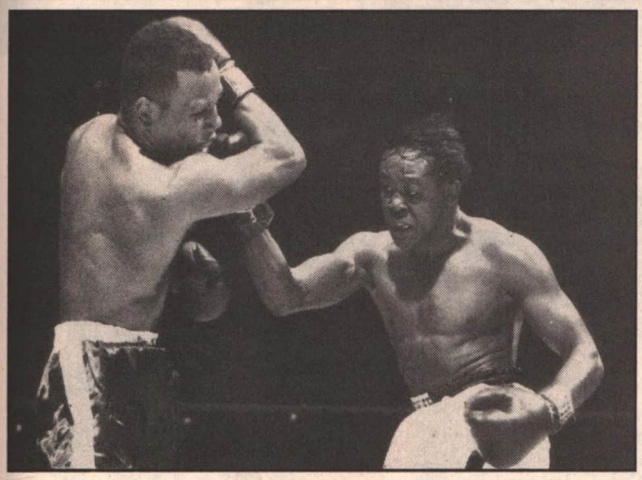
Kid Chocolate was Cuba's best

•**Kid Tunero** (Evilio Mustelier), who began his career in 1930, was completely fearless and confident in his considerable abilities. He took on most of the world's top middleweights on their home turf and scored victories over, among other, Ezzard Charles, Jose Basora, Ken Overlin, and Anton Christoforidis. In more than 100 fights, he was stopped only once. Moved to Spain late in his 17-year career, where he became a major boxing influence.

•**Black Bill** (Eladio Valdes) was a stablemate of Kid Chocolate.

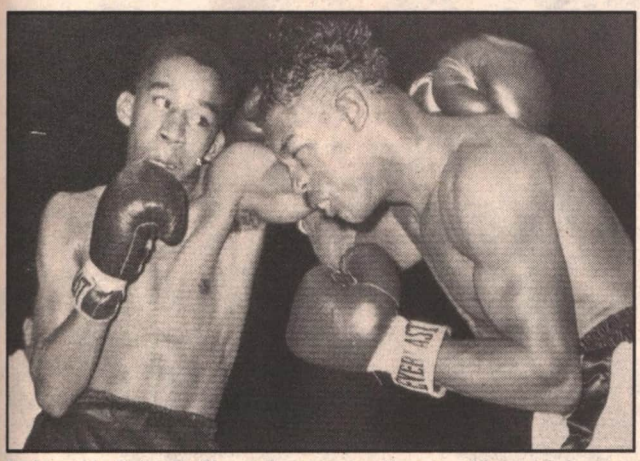
A Nation

Who was the best British fighter of all-time? The best Mexican? The best Japanese? The debate will rage forever. In an attempt to fuel the fire, or at least offer some perspective, The Ring has asked several of its correspondents to compile their personal top-10 lists.



During his lengthy reign as world welterweight champion, Kid Gavilan (right) was good enough to beat middleweights, as he proved with an August 1953 decision over world-class Tiger Jones. He defended seven times.

Jose Legra celebrates after winning the featherweight title with a fifth-round stoppage of Howard Winstone in July 1968. Two-time champion Legra was among the first fighters to imitate Muhammad Ali.



Lightweight Doug Vaillant, shown struggling to a 10-round draw vs. Philadelphia's Len Matthews in April 1960, became a contender but never realized his immense potential, mostly due to his destructive lifestyle.

The flyweight invaded New York in 1925, and the greatest pool of 112-pound talent in U.S. history was made available to him. Bill was no great puncher, but his speed of hand and foot made him difficult to hit. In 1929 he engaged in 17 bouts against top competition and won them all. One year later, he lost a 15-round decision to Midget Wolgast in a try for the vacant New York State world title.

•**Jose Napoles** became the fourth Cuban to win the welterweight crown since the end of World War II when, in 1969, he stopped Curtis Cokes. Nicknamed "Mantequilla" (butter), this smooth craftsman migrated to Mexico City early in his 18-year career and became one of the most popular fighters in Mexican boxing history. He combined a textbook defense with a magnificent left hook and made 13 defenses over two reigns. His only weakness was tender skin.

•**Jose Legra** migrated to Spain in the aftermath of Fidel Castro's rise to power. (Castro banned professional boxing in Cuba.) Known throughout Europe as a smaller version of Muhammad Ali, the speedy Legra was tutored by countryman Kid Tunero. He twice won the WBC featherweight title (over Howard Winstone in 1968 and Clemente Sanchez in 1972), but failed to make any successful defenses.

•**Ultiminio "Sugar" Ramos** was among the most stylish and exciting performers of his era. From his pro debut in 1957 until his September 1964 title fight loss to Vicente Saldivar, the Mexico-based featherweight went unbeaten in 49 bouts, save a disputed loss by disqualification. Won the title in 1963, stopping Davey Moore in a bout that led to the American's death.

•**Doug Vaillant** arrived in the USA in 1960 as one of several dozen exiled Cuban boxers. The tall, slender lightweight was billed as the next Kid Chocolate and had the physical gifts to have become the greatest Cuban fighter of all-time. But he maintained a self-destructive lifestyle, and there was no pleasure he passed by. His lone shot at the title was a 13th-round defeat to Carlos Ortiz in 1963.

•**Benny "Kid" Paret** was a slashing, busy welterweight who, in 1958, left Cuba for New York City. He took the world title from Don Jordan in 1960 and made one successful defense before losing the crown to Emile Griffith. Regained the championship by outpointing Griffith six months later, but lost the tragic rubber match by 12th-round stoppage in 1962. Fell into a coma and died nine days after the bout. ■

Hank Kaplan, who is based in Miami, is among boxing's foremost archivists and historians.

THE EMOTIONAL RESURRECTION OF JOHNNY CHAVEZ

Battling Back From The Brink Of Suicide

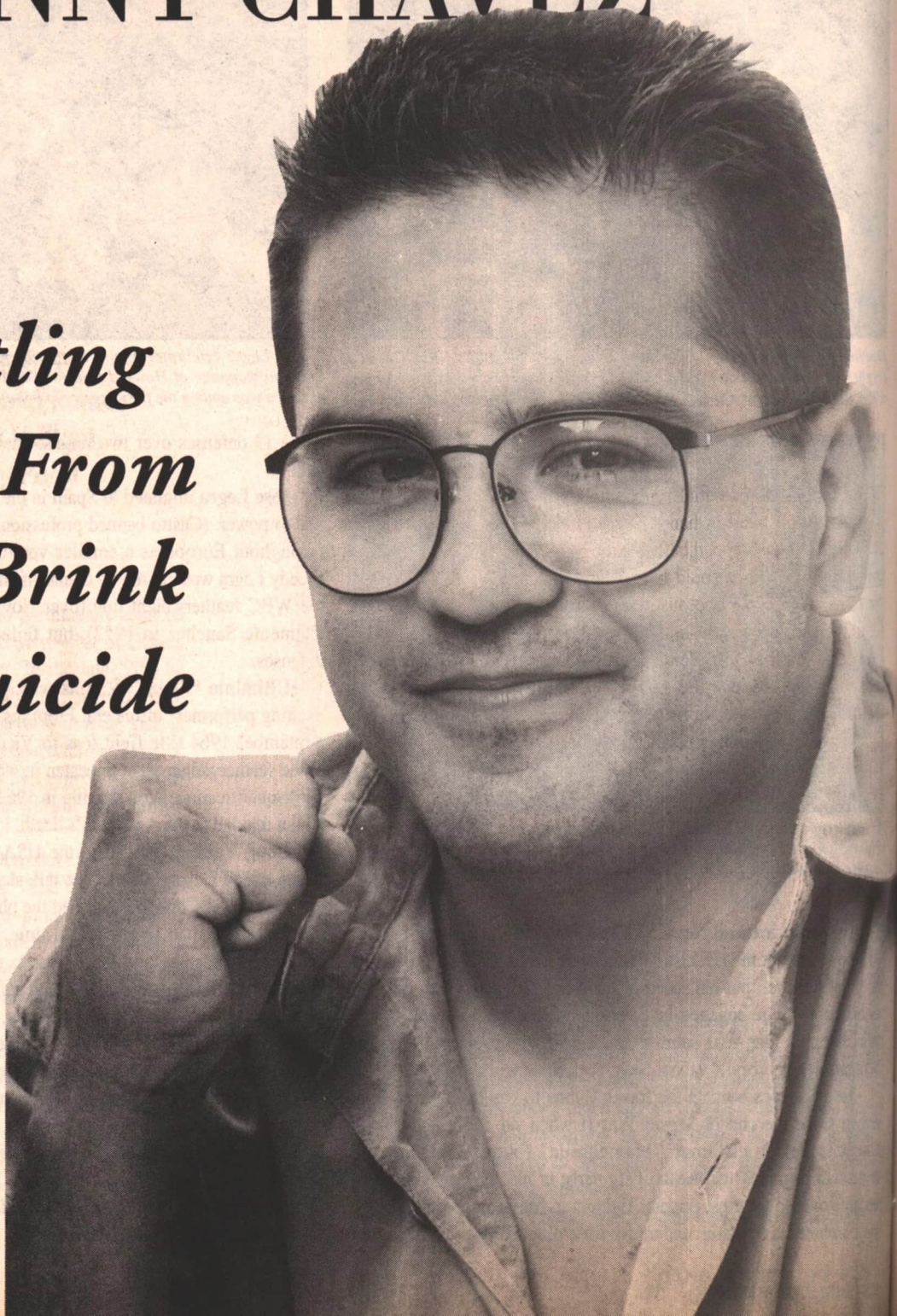
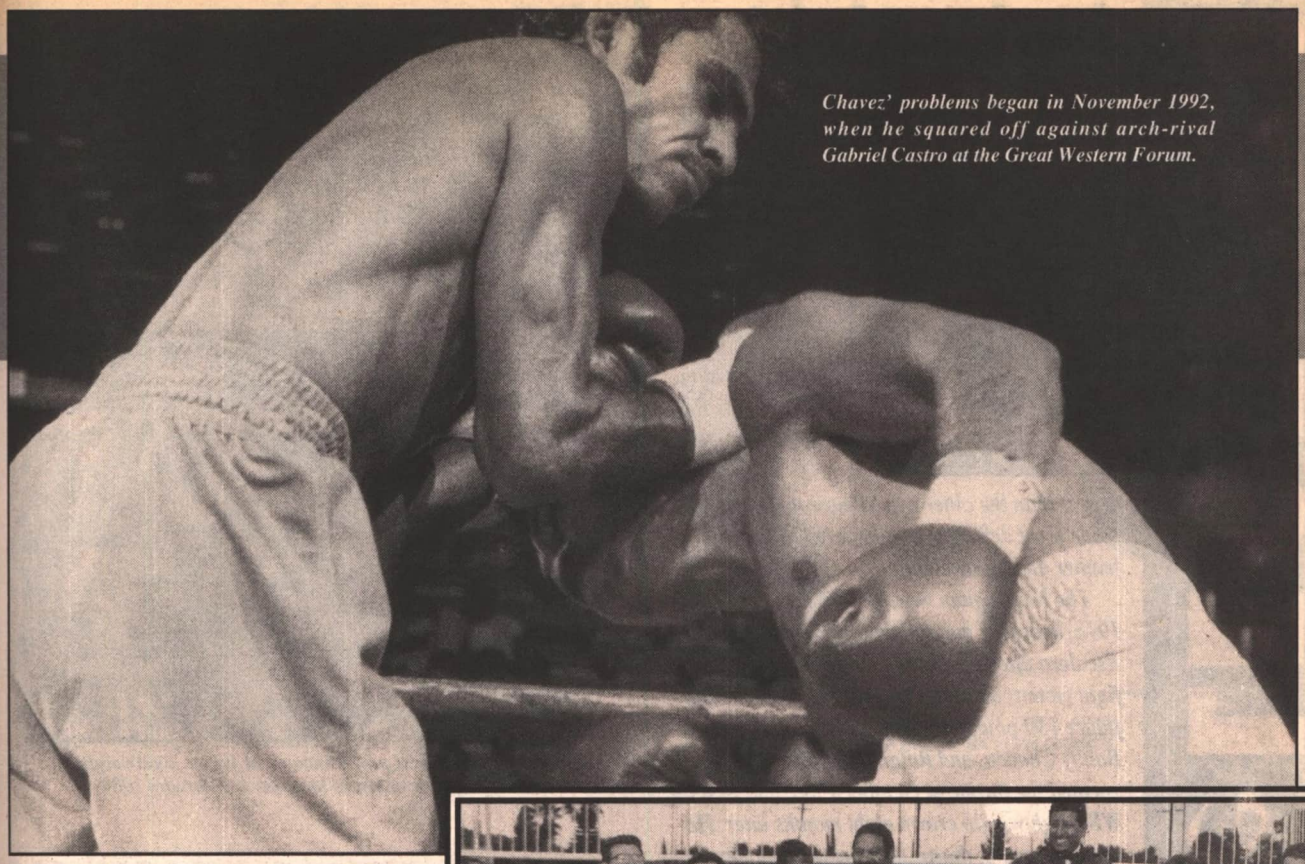


Photo by Brent Cook



Chavez' problems began in November 1992, when he squared off against arch-rival Gabriel Castro at the Great Western Forum.

In June, Southern California's boxing community turned out en masse when Ruben Castillo threw a benefit show for Chavez. Once an up-and-coming featherweight, Chavez' career ended too soon.

By Lee Groves

In boxing, the potential for triumph and tragedy go hand in hand. Every boxer who has ever stepped between the ropes knows the next fight could be his last, but the risks are accepted because fame can be addictive and success oh so lucrative.

The landmines are plentiful. Cuts and broken noses produce the scar tissue and flattened noses so common to former fighters. Shady managers and promoters deprive their fighters of their rightful share of the money. Bad judging turns wins into losses. The more serious dangers, such as slurred speech, punchdrunkeness, loss of sight, and even loss of life, often go unspoken.

Johnny Chavez was an up-and-coming featherweight from Azusa, California, and he knew about all these dangers. But except for a loss to Oscar Lopez and a draw against Gabriel Castro, he saw nothing but success through 19 pro bouts. On November 6, 1992, the 26-year-old Chavez set out to avenge the draw by fighting Castro in a scheduled eight-rounder at the Great Western Forum, where he had fought 13 times before.

For the first five rounds, all went well. But then trouble struck.

"Everything was going all right until the sixth round," he recalled. "I got off my stool, and his image shifted over to the left eye. It was like when you close one eye and everything shifts over. I didn't know why he shifted, so I said, 'Oh, well, all right,' and I didn't think about it anymore.

"He was a southpaw, and he may have hit me with about three shots that came close to hurting me. They didn't daze me or nothing, but they were hard shots on my right side. He was a left-hander, so his left hand was the hard punch that was hitting me in the right eye. I couldn't see out of my right eye because it was hemorrhaging and I couldn't see through the blood. That's why he had shifted over.

"After the fight [which Chavez managed to win by decision], some of my friends were telling me, 'God, you were missing a

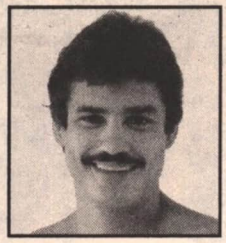
(Continued on page 50)

Junior Lightweights

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle Of the Legends," the editors of THE RING *play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write to us.*

Alexis Arguello

Managua, Nicaragua
Career: 1968-1986
80-6 with 68 kayos



Arguello won world titles at featherweight, junior lightweight, and lightweight, and never lost any of his crowns in the ring. It's arguable at which weight he peaked, but he held the 130-pound crown longer than the other two (almost three years) and made eight defenses, as compared to four at both feather and lightweight.

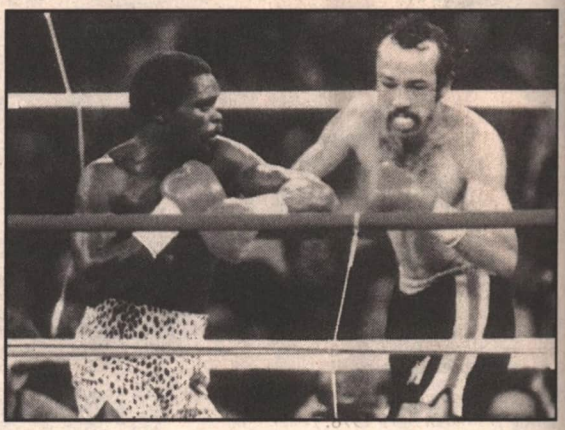
The Nicaraguan won the WBC title in January 1978, knocking out longtime champion Alfredo Escalera after 13 brutal rounds. Among his title fight victims at this weight: Ruben Castillo and future 130-pound titleholders Bazooka Limon, Bobby Chacon, and Rolando Navarette. Arguello vacated the throne in October 1980, and won the WBC lightweight crown eight months later. He remains among the most respected and popular champions in ring history.

Azumah Nelson

Accra, Ghana
Career: 1979-present
37-2-1 with 26 kayos

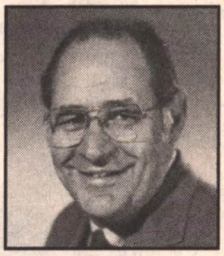
Like Arguello, Nelson won the world featherweight title before stepping up to junior lightweight. After making six defenses at 126 pounds, he won the vacant WBC 130-pound crown with a 12-round decision over Mario Martinez in February 1988. More than five years later, "The Professor" continues to conduct classes, a 35-year-old champion whose pride and underrated boxing skills enable him to reject the challenges of younger, quicker foes.

Nelson has made nine defenses, including a draw and kayo vs. Australian triple-crown champion Jeff Fenech. He has tried the lightweights only once, losing on points to then-WBC/IBF champion Pernell Whitaker in May 1990. As we went to press, he was scheduled to defend against yet another young turk, unbeaten Texan Jesse James Leija, on September 10 in San Antonio.



Among Nelson's best performances at junior lightweight was a 12th-round stoppage of Mario Martinez in February 1989.

DR. FERDIE PACHECO

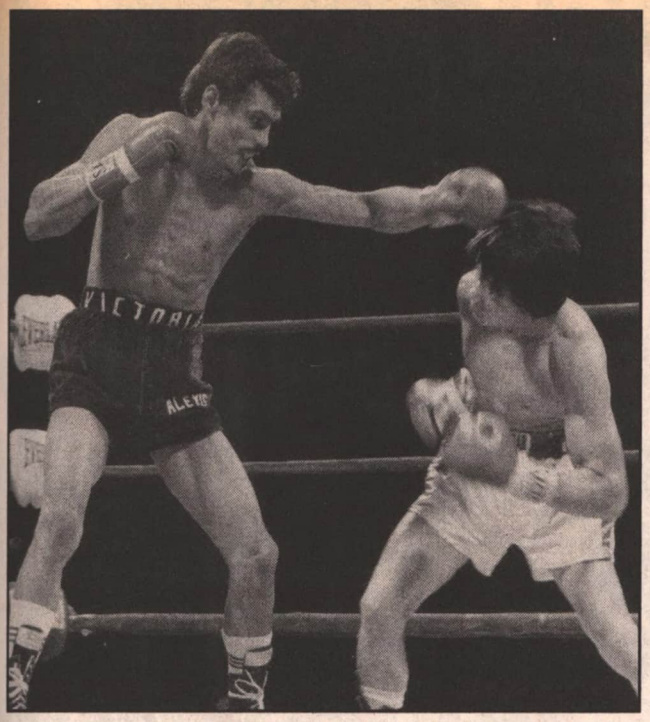


Nelson would bring grittiness and consistency, and a willingness to wait until the later rounds to come on. The slight edge in power goes to Azumah, as well as a considerable advantage in strength. He'd have the confidence to try and initiate a brawl and wait until Arguello was weakened and ripe before trying for the finish.

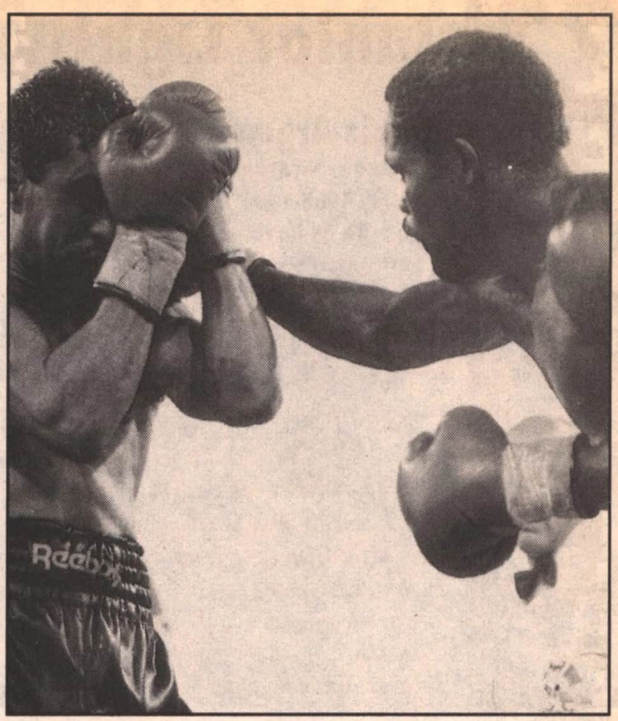
Arguello would bring his ring skills and generalship. His skills were almost ballet-like. At 130 pounds, he was at his best vs. Alfredo Escalera. They were two tough, tough fights in which Arguello showed what he was made of. By the time Aaron Pryor got to him, he was already a bit worn out.

These are fighters with world-class chins, and in their primes at 130 pounds I can't see either one getting knocked out. Nelson would bore in, try to cut off the ring, and hope to trap Arguello in the corners. He'd punch to the body for the first five rounds and hope to rally late. Arguello would give him motion, try and keep a distance, and avoid a shootout. It would be an extremely close contest. I like Nelson by a hair because of his strength and consistency of purpose. Nelson by decision or late-round TKO.

Dr. Ferdie Pacheco analyzes fights on Showtime.

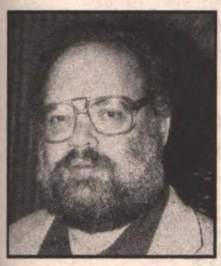


Arguello was dominant at 130 pounds, as previously unbeaten southpaw Rey Tam discovered in April 1978. Tam fell in five rounds.



Nelson struggled to a draw vs. triple-crown champion Jeff Fenech in June 1991, but kayoed the Australian in the rematch.

MICHAEL KATZ



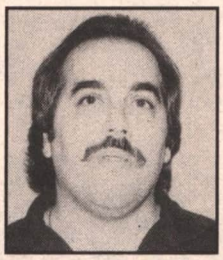
At 130 pounds, these guys were about as good as they ever were. As far as all-time ratings, I don't know. Would Nelson have beaten Julio Cesar Chavez at this weight? Would either fighter have beaten Hector Camacho in his prime?

Nelson would be a little bit quicker, with better foot speed. He shifts and pivots well, and throws good combinations. He's a good boxer, and his cleverness would negate a lot of Arguello's strengths. Arguello was smart, patient, and had a great right hand, which would probably be the difference in a 15-round fight. Both fighters have great chins.

This would be like Nelson-Salvador Sanchez, only this Nelson was much more advanced than the Azumah who lost to Sanchez, and Arguello hit much harder than Sanchez did. It would be a boxer-puncher matchup, with Nelson the boxer. He'd try and get in and out, move side to side. Any mistakes and *wham!* Arguello would walk to Nelson, go to the body to try and weaken him, and then come on with his right hand in the last three rounds. A 12-round fight would be as close as you could get. But in a 15-rounder, Arguello by close decision, say 9-6 in rounds.

Michael Katz covers boxing for the New York Daily News.

RON KATZ



I never had a great personal opinion of Nelson. At his best, which was probably a couple of years ago, he was a plodder who was always in great condition and wore guys down, a tough guy who outwilled them. He was never the greatest puncher. His claim to fame was that he beat Wilfredo Gomez, but the guys he's fought haven't exactly been a who's who, and a lot of them went lots of rounds with him. You saw what Pernell Whitaker did to him, and Whitaker isn't in the class of an Arguello.

Arguello is an all-time great who was at his best at junior lightweight. His quality of opposition was outstanding. He was a classic boxer-puncher, very strong, exceptionally skilled. Salvador Sanchez beat Nelson, and Arguello would've licked Sanchez no problem.

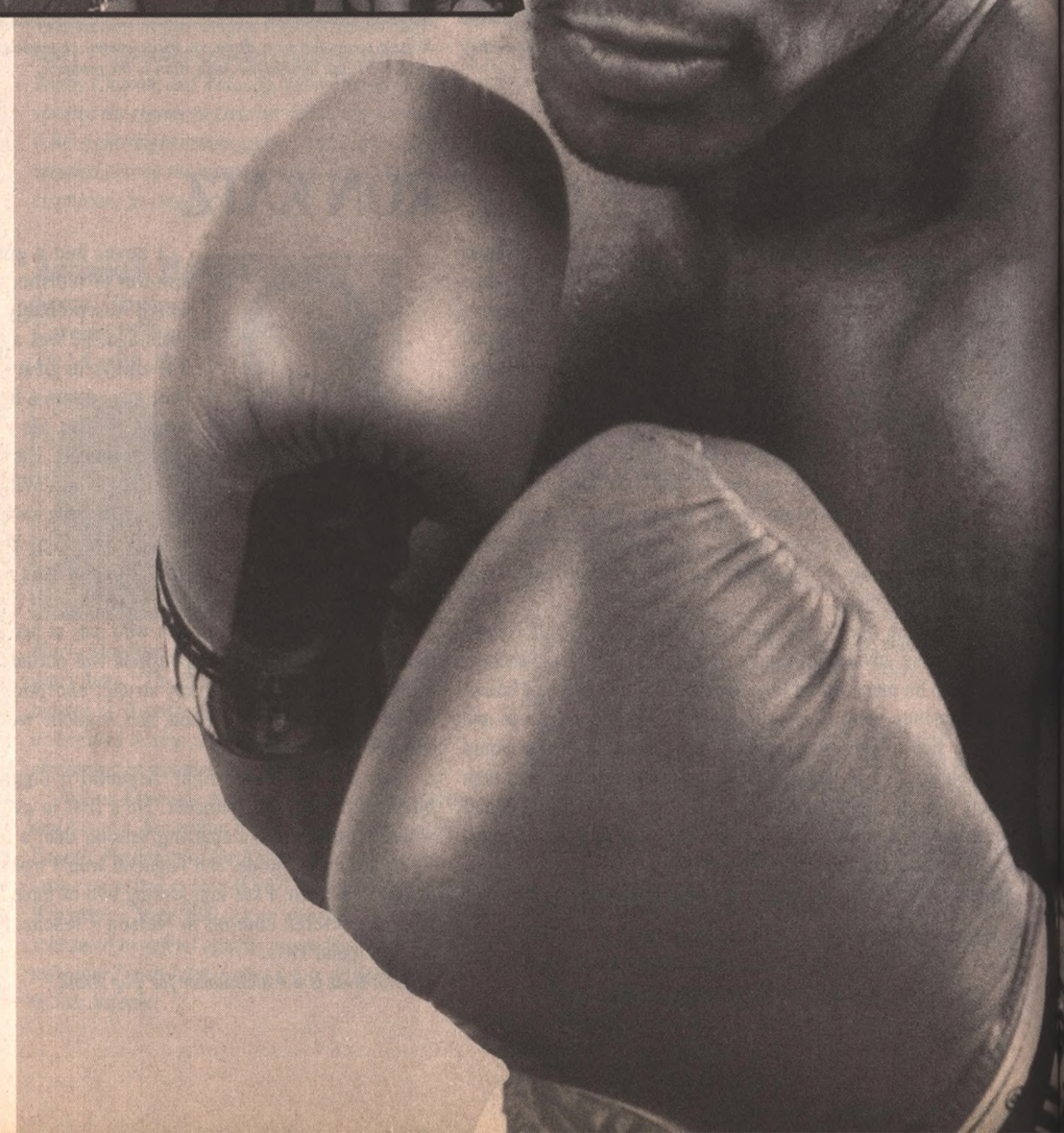
This is a no-contest fight. Arguello is bigger, the better boxer, and the better puncher. He's first in every aspect. It would be more like a sparring session than a fight. Nelson would try to get inside, and Arguello would make him pay by tearing him apart. I see him scoring two or three knockdowns, with the referee coming to Nelson's rescue. Arguello by seventh-round TKO. ■

Ron Katz is a matchmaker for Top Rank.

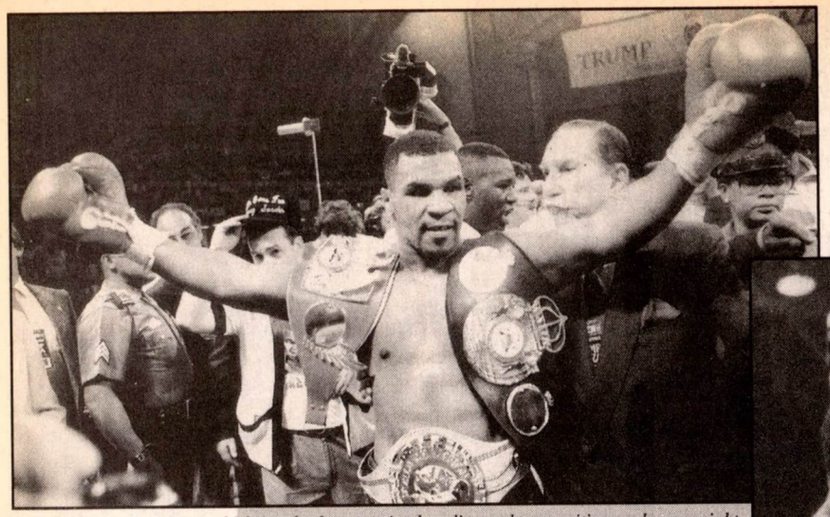
WHAT IF MIKE TYSON HAD NEVER GONE TO JAIL?

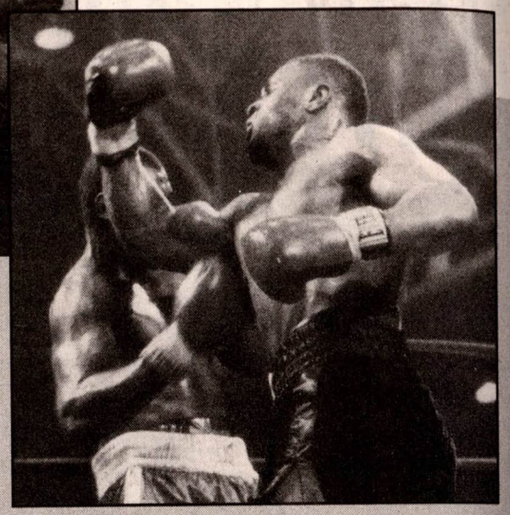
By Steve Farhood

You might've thought it would have been Dalby Shirley and Patricia Jarman, or Frank Brunette and Richard Strange, or some other boxing judges that would have scored against Mike Tyson in the year's most controversial split decision. But it was V. Sue Shields and Jonathan Robertson, a pair of judges from Indiana who have never even worked a Harold Brazier fight, who scored for Tyson's opposition (the state of Indiana). Shields and Robertson overruled Patrick Sullivan and, in a 72-page decision, explained why Tyson's appeal for a new rape trial had been denied. The former heavyweight champion's attorney, the ubi-



Tyson and Holyfield square off before their March 13, 1992, showdown at Caesars Palace. A grudge match? When photographers asked the heavyweights to stand nose to nose, they obliged—then immediately broke up laughing.





Above: Tyson lets the world know he has regained undisputed recognition as heavyweight champion. His long-anticipated battle with Holyfield unfolded in a most unexpected manner and ended suddenly and dramatically. Right: In August 1992, Tyson made a voluntary defense against rugged Oliver McCall. Uppercuts like this enabled him to keep the title.

quitous Alan Dershowitz, will now appeal to the Indiana Supreme Court. If Larry Holmes had such options after his second fight with Michael Spinks, he might still he beavyweight champion.

Assuming further appeals are unsuccessful, Tyson will remain incarcerated at the Indiana Youth Center at least until the spring of 1995. Will he fight again? It's difficult to imagine "Iron Mike," who won't yet be 29, doing anything else. What will the heavyweight division be like in two years? Maybe Riddick Bowe will still be champion. Or Lennox Lewis. Or Frank Bruno. Or maybe Greg Page will complete a most unlikely comeback. Okay, okay, we're getting carried away.

In another year or so, everyone will begin to look toward Tyson's inevitable return. But the heavyweight division has flattened out, and boxing fans need a fix *now*. Instead of using our crystal ball, tarot cards, and astrological charts, however, we've decided to reveal what would have happened had Tyson's career continued uninterrupted.

First, what *did* happen: On July 19, 1991, Desiree Washington, a contestant at the Miss Black America pageant in Indianapolis, accused Tyson of raping her in his hotel room. On September 9, Tyson was indicted for rape, confinement, and two counts of criminal deviant conduct. And on February 10, 1992, a lengthy and heavily publicized trial ended with a verdict of guilty.

If it seems like years since boxing's most exciting fighter climbed through the ropes, that's because Tyson's last start, a 12-round decision over Razor Ruddock, came on June 28, 1991. He was supposed to attempt to regain the world title from Evander Holyfield on November 8, 1991, but the bout was called off when Tyson suffered a rib injury while training. His next confrontation, of course, came in a courtroom.

Now, what *would've* happened:

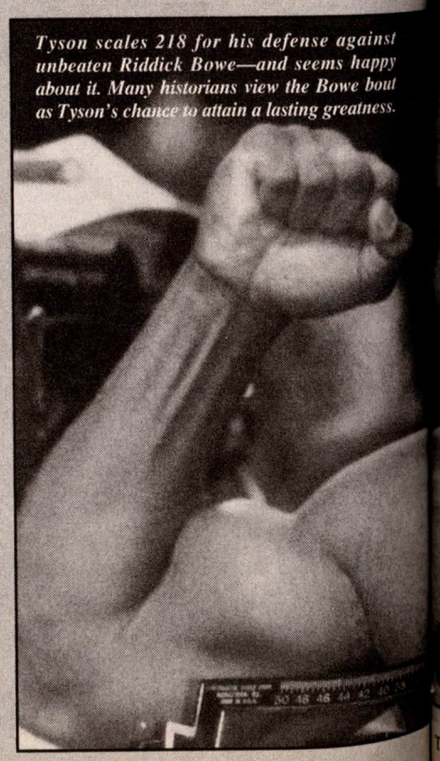
March 13, 1992: "Friday Night At The Frights": Will Friday the 13th be unlucky for defending world heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield or former titlist Mike Tyson? Boxing's first $100-million fight shatters all pay-per-view records, and more than 20,000 fans eagerly file into the Caesars Palace parking lot for the most anticipated battle of the decade. Tyson enters the ring a 3-1 favorite, but insiders nonetheless predict a memorable slugfest.

Though the promoters would like to deny it, Holyfield and Tyson are somewhat friendly, and before the fight there are no "I'll make you my wife" threats, which highlighted the hype for the Tyson-Ruddock rumbles. Tyson respects Holyfield enough to train diligently, and Holyfield prepares with such passion that, two weeks before the fight, he scales less than 200 pounds. There is a minimum of controversy, with the only unexpected moment coming when Lou Duva objects to the presence of Floyd Patterson and Muhammad Ali at the last press conference. The guests of Don King, Patterson and Ali serve as a not-so-subtle reminder that Tyson is favored to become only the third fighter in history to regain the undisputed heavyweight title.

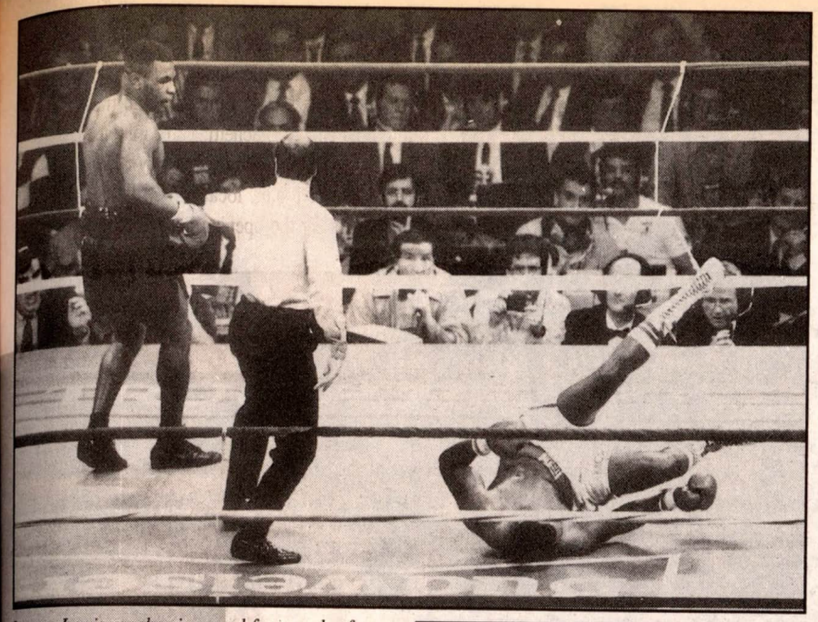
"Those two guys might as well go home now," bellows Capt. Lou. "There ain't gonna be no title change in this here fight."

On fight night, time stands still on The Strip. Tyson, 214, anxiously climbs through the ropes with trainer Richie Giachetti. Three minutes later, a stoic, almost motionless Holyfield, 203, appears. At 8:31 p.m. local time, referee Mills Lane signals for the opening bell, and the world instantly stops revolving.

Tyson dips under a pair of jabs and quickly attacks. Holyfield has been trained to box in a tight circle, but Tyson's pressure forces him to stand his ground. The pace is brutal, as if both fighters had agreed to waive the feeling-out process. All three judges give the busier, sharper



Tyson scales 218 for his defense against unbeaten Riddick Bowe—and seems happy about it. Many historians view the Bowe bout as Tyson's chance to attain a lasting greatness.



Lennox Lewis crashes in round four, and referee Joe Cortez sends Tyson to a neutral corner. The Briton floored "Iron Mike" in round one, but never again threatened to score an upset.

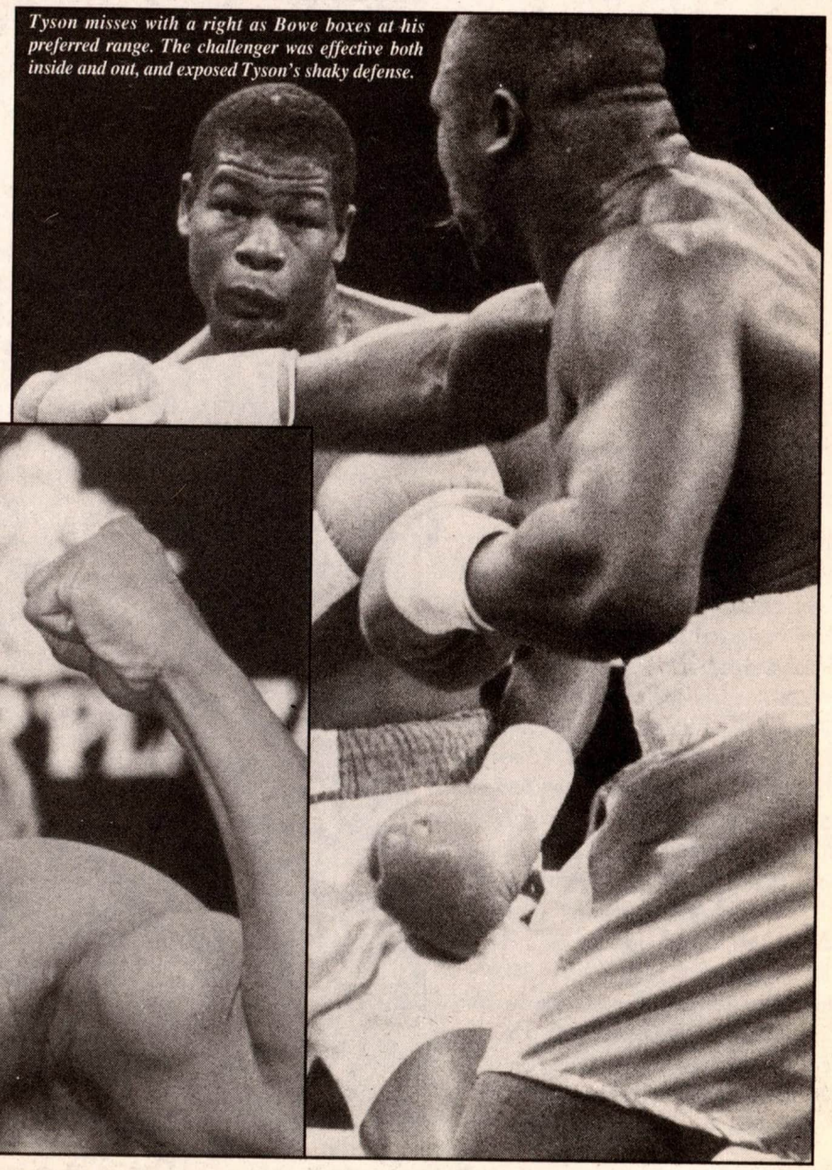
Holyfield the opening round, but the whispers along press row don't bode well for the champion: "He fights like this, he's gonna get knocked out."

Tyson punches to the body during portions of the second and third. Holyfield, however, fires three, four, sometimes five punches at a time during the vicious infighting. His head is snapped back by a left uppercut in the fourth, but he quickly answers back, and the sentiment at ringside begins to change: "How much longer can he keep it up?"

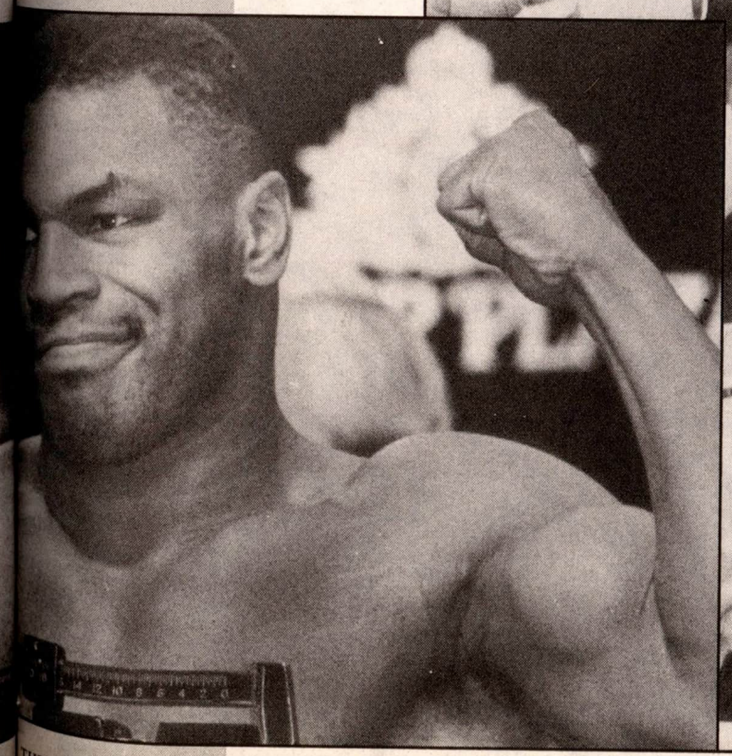
Holyfield tries boxing in the fifth, and it is immediately apparent that he's better off chest to chest. Tyson's punches are far more dangerous when he's allowed to fire with leverage. Told by George Benton to return to the inside, Holyfield takes round six. Tyson is clinching more and more, and while Iron Mike's punches are scoring, Holyfield still hasn't reduced his impressive work rate. The insiders, meanwhile, are already reserving seats on the Holyfield bandwagon: "Won't be long before Tyson needs a knockout to win."

Early in the seventh, Tyson shows why he is among the most fascinating fighters of all-time. A

(Continued on page 53)



Tyson misses with a right as Bowe boxes at his preferred range. The challenger was effective both inside and out, and exposed Tyson's shaky defense.



FREDDIE PENDLETON

fights through the heartbreak

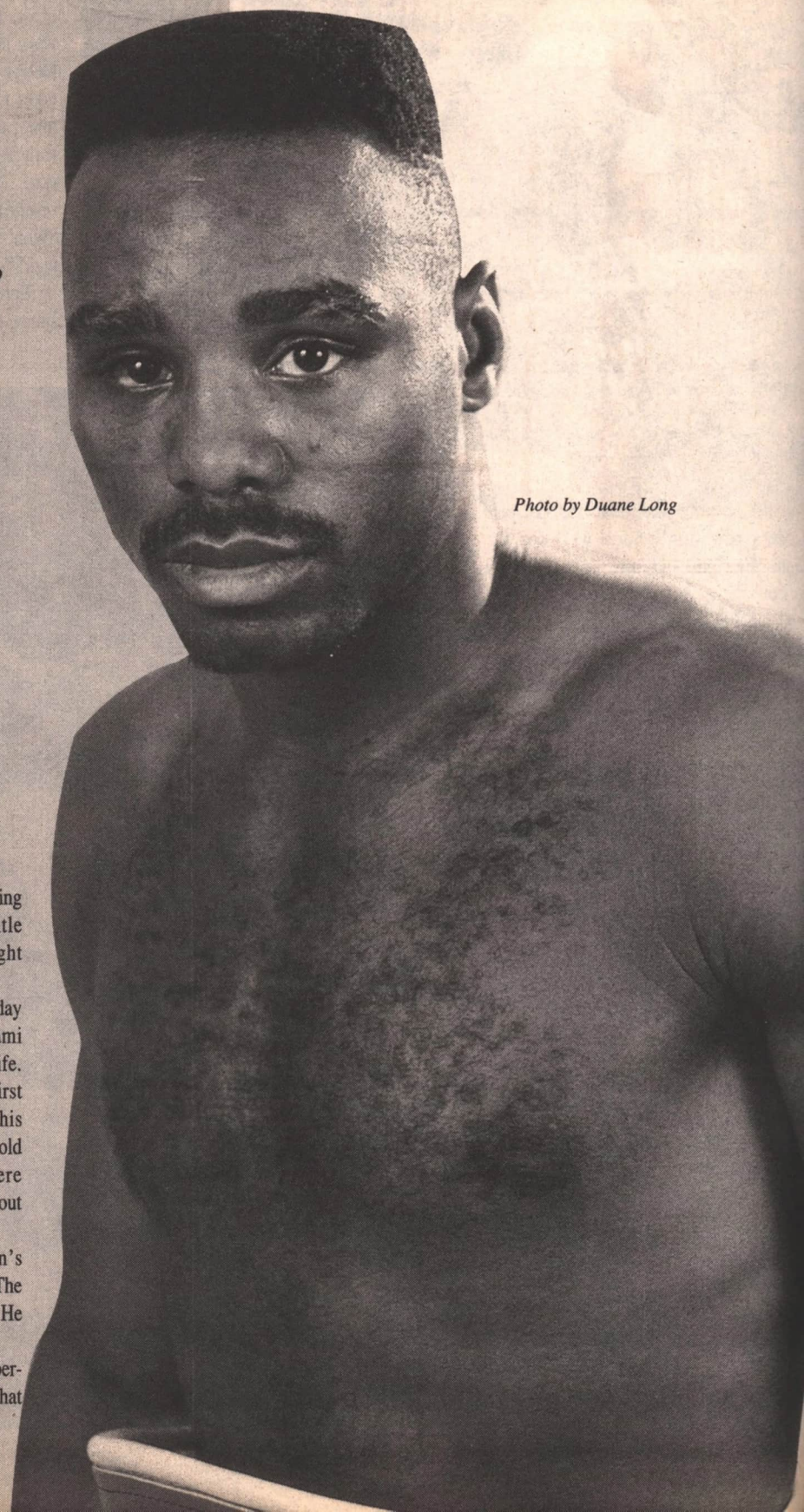


Photo by Duane Long

By Nigel Collins

"Life is the best left hooker I ever saw."
—Ernest Hemingway

Who says tough guys don't cry?

Freddie Pendleton is a tough guy, but during the nine days leading up to his July 17 title defense vs. Jorge Paez, the IBF lightweight champion shed enough tears to last a lifetime.

We all have good and bad days, but the day Pendleton was scheduled to leave his Miami home for Las Vegas was the worst of his life. Besides the anxiety brought about by his first defense, he was concerned about leaving his girlfriend, who was pregnant with the 30-year-old boxer's first child. But these worries were nothing compared to the tragedy that was about to shatter his world.

In the early hours of July 8, Pendleton's girlfriend gave birth to their son, Freddie Jr. The child arrived almost four months premature. He lived only a few hours.

We tend to think of fighters as being super-human. We see them shrug off punishment that

Drawing strength from tragedy, Pendleton fought with discipline against Paez. He scored two knockdowns en route to a decision win.

"It Was A Perfect Scenario For Disaster"

would cripple the average man, and we think they are somehow impervious to pain. But they're not, especially the kind of pain the loss of a child can bring. When it comes to a blow like that, fighters are just as vulnerable as the rest of us. But Pendleton isn't just hurt, he's angry.

"The mother had gone to see the doctor because she was bleeding, but he told her it was okay, and to just go home and relax, take it easy," he said. "But it was the second time it had happened, and anyone should have been able to tell there was a problem. After the baby was born, nobody really tried to save him. They said he was too young and there would be too many complications.

"When it turned out to be a boy, it hurt even more. Not to say it wouldn't have hurt if it had been a girl. But everybody in my family was having girls. I cried all week."

"This was his first child," added Al Bonanni, Pendleton's co-trainer. "Unlike a lot of people these days, he'd waited a long time before starting a family. He was very excited about it. It was very traumatic for him when the baby died. When Freddie got back to the hotel, he didn't want to talk to anybody. He just went upstairs. I hate to say anything because Freddie has a reputation for being a very tough kid; nothing scares him. But he was in tears, completely distraught."

As poignant as the drama was, there was also a career to be considered, a championship belt to be defended.

"The timing couldn't have been worse," said Bonanni. "Not only was it the day we were scheduled to fly to Vegas, it was also Freddie's long day in the gym, the day he was supposed to box at least 10 rounds. It was a situation where a lot of decisions had to be made in a short period of time. Tommy Brooks [Pendleton's other trainer] and I asked him if he wanted to train that day, and when he said yes, we knew he still wanted the fight to go ahead as scheduled."

Drawing on the same inner strength and discipline that had enabled him to overcome a horrendous 13-13-1 start to his pro career, Pendleton boxed 12 rounds that afternoon. He then packed his bags, visited the hospital, and raced to the airport.

"We literally had to run to catch the plane," recalled Bonanni. "What a day! It was 11 p.m. Las Vegas time when we got there, and Freddie was not only emotionally exhausted, he was physically drained as well. We were all very concerned."

It had been decided on the plane ride the champion's personal tragedy would be kept private. Pendleton didn't want to be besieged by people who, by offering their condolences, would constantly remind him of his anguish.

"He didn't want people to feel sorry for him," said Bonanni. "It would bring him down even more. And we didn't want to give the opposition anything that might help them. It also might have looked like we were making excuses in advance just in case he had a bad performance."

Things continued to deteriorate once the somber group got to Las Vegas. Pendleton wanted to get down to serious work right away, understandably anxious to throw himself into training in an effort to ease his misery. Bonanni and Brooks, on the other hand, wanted him to take it easy until he regained his strength.

"You could tell he was nervous; he couldn't

(Continued on page 54)

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, THE RING magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken

Time Capsules

By Stanley Weston

ANOTHER WILD BULL OF THE PAMPAS

(May 1, 1931)

The first time Tex Rickard's penetrating eyes scanned Vittorio Campolo's 240 pounds, perfectly proportioned over his towering 6'6½" super-structure, the great promoter predicted, "We have in this Argentine giant another Luis Firpo." Unfortunately, Rickard didn't live long enough to develop a strategy that would surely have led Campolo to a title match, paralleling what Tex had done for Firpo eight years before and climaxing with the unforgettable Jack Dempsey-Firpo title brawl of 1923.

Because the strategy for Campolo's buildup was to sell him as the next Firpo ("The *New* Wild Bull Of The Pampas"), every news release exploited their common roots. Both were Argentines, massive men endowed with enormous strength, expert *gauchos* (cowboys) who had herded cattle on the same lush, sprawling pampas. Ignored was the fact that Campolo had actually been born in Calabria, Italy, on June 2, 1903. And instead of punching cattle, Vittorio had studied medicine at Cordoba University in Buenos Aires, excelled at swimming and soccer, and captained the polo team. In truth, the articulate, gracious, and highly educated Campolo was directly the opposite of the gruff, always–brooding, always-suspicious Firpo. Maybe that was Vittorio's problem; everybody knows gracious college kids don't make good prize fighters.

Campolo had shattering power in his right hand. But he was a helluva lot better polo player than a boxer. He often tripped over his long legs and size 16 shoes, and even Primo Carnera had a more durable chin. Vittorio's first fight in America, a ninth-round knockout of old war horse Tom Heeney, was the highlight of his short career, making him the most talked-about fighter in the world. After that it was all downhill. Boxing master Tommy Loughran, outweighed by a whopping 49 pounds, toyed with the giant. Ernie Schaaf knocked Campolo out in seven rounds, and Carnera stopped him in two. After that it was back home to the polo ponies of Argentina.

This rare picture, taken at Campolo's training camp in Summit, New Jersey, while he was training for the Loughran fight, shows former heavyweight champion Jim Corbett demonstrating how to slip a lead left and counter with a right under the heart. Campolo's problem: "Gentleman Jim" probably gave Loughran some tips, too.

MORE SWEETS FOR THAT SWEET LIGHTWEIGHT

(July 10, 1940)

Exactly two months after his sensational knockout of Lou Ambers, which made him lightweight champion of the world, Lew Jenkins was presented with THE RING's cherished belt. Said motorcycle fanatic Jenkins, as he accepted his award, "I wouldn't trade this for the best bike in the world. No, I wouldn't trade it for the hundred best bikes in the world."

Jenkins, who came from Sweetwater, Texas, and was dubbed "that sweet lightweight from Sweetwater," always looked so pale and fragile that he gave the impression he belonged in an intensive care ward instead of a boxing ring. Yet, remarkably, he was without question one of the five hardest hitters, pound for pound, who ever lived.

The award ceremony took place at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where Lew was training for his non-title fight with Henry Armstrong, only one week away. Bursting with pride, Jenkins' sparkling new belt was strapped around his waist when he stepped into the ring to face Armstrong. And after he was stopped in the sixth round, Jenkins, still dazed from the brutal beating, was more concerned about his belt than his defeat. "Where's my belt?" he demanded again and again. Only after he was assured that his beautiful wife, Katie, had it safe and sound did the reality of what had happened begin to register in Lew's fogged brain. "I

can lick this guy," he bellowed to his manager, Hymie Caplan. "Get him again for me." Luckily for the sweet lightweight from Sweetwater, Caplan knew better, and there never was a return match with Armstrong.

Photo, from left to right: New York boxing commissioner Bill Brown, Jenkins, promoter Mike Jacobs, Caplan, and THE RING Publisher Nat Fleischer, who presented the belt.

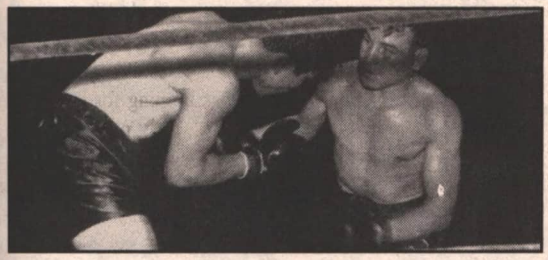
MILLIONS OF GOOD-LUCK PATS

(Four Decades)

This magnificent, life-sized bronze statue of boxing's immortal "Old Master," Joe Gans, reigned as the majestic centerpiece in the old Madison Square Garden on New York City's Eighth Avenue. For more than 40 years it greeted millions of boxing fans after they filed past the ticket-takers and entered the Garden's huge inner lobby to see hundreds of unforgettable rituals known the world over as "The Friday Night Fights."

It was traditional for all who entered the sacred lobby to touch the statue. And for those who broke the law by betting on fights, failing to gently pat Joe on top of his bronze head was tantamount to inviting disaster. Gamblers are a highly suspicious breed. It didn't matter if the bet was for five dollars or 5,000; it was very comforting to know the Old Master was on their side.

THREE NATURALS



(May 28, 1935)

No two fighters were more equally matched than Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin. Each weighed 147 pounds, give or take a few ounces. At 5'7", Ross stood a mite taller. McLarnin was three years older, which was the most notable difference. Both were true artists when it came to boxing skill, and although McLarnin's right packed explosive power, Barney's pinpoint accuracy and remarkable timing made him a constant knockout threat.

The three classic Ross-McLarnin battles were fought within a period of exactly one year: May 28, 1934 to May 28, 1935. The world welterweight championship was at stake in each fight. All went the full 15 rounds, and each bout was so closely fought that the officials needed unusually long periods of time to reach their decisions. Legendary *New York Journal* columnist Bill Corum summed it up best after the third and final match: "It seems that every person who saw this classic series, and yes, even the people directly involved, would have preferred that three draw decisions be rendered. In that way, there would be no loser, and certainly nobody in his right mind could call either Barney or Jimmy a loser."

The first two Ross-McLarnin fights took place in the huge Madison Square Garden Bowl, just across the river from New York City. On May 28, 1934, Ross stripped Jimmy of the welterweight crown. In the second meeting, on September 17, 1934, McLarnin regained the title. The finale came on May 28, 1935, at New York's Polo Grounds, with Barney once again mounting the throne. This picture was taken in the last round of that rubber match. McLarnin (facing camera) had been sent rushing out of his corner with strict orders to "keep throwing right hands. Press him. Press him. Keep him up against the ropes!" With less than 30 seconds remaining in the fight, Jimmy landed a deadly right to the chin. Ross shook from head to toe. Many called it the best punch of all three fights. It was a fitting conclusion to a classic series, the stuff that makes boxing the most thrilling and durable of all sports.

KICKBOXING?

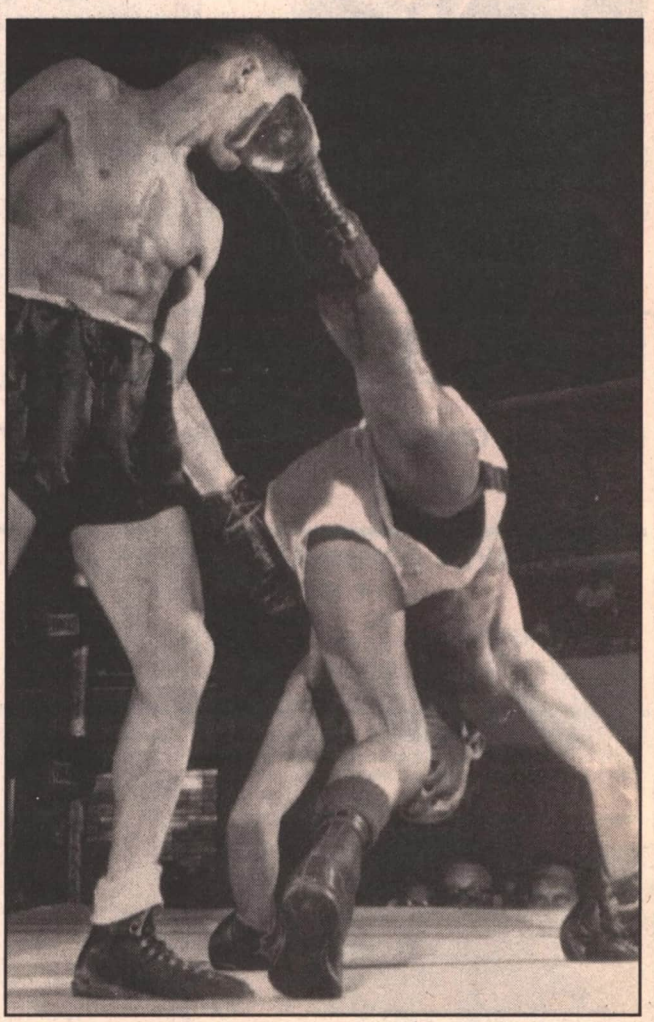
(June 19, 1956)

No kidding. That really is Willie Pep on the right. But what's he doing? Is he turning a somersault? Is he going down from a punch? Was he a kickboxer before anybody had ever heard of that sport? Or is he using his right foot as a third fist? With Willie you could never be sure.

This was a 34-year-old Willie, in the twilight of his fabled career, six years after he lost the featherweight crown, trying to make a fast buck in towns that couldn't afford him in his glory days. Towns like Aiken, South Carolina; Nassau, The Bahamas; Lawton, Oklahoma; and Moncton, New Brunswick.

On this particular night Willie was digging down deep into his bag of tricks in a small Miami Beach arena, befuddling a talented kid out of Davenport, Iowa, named Russ Tague. Pep had his routine down to a science. His endurance limited, his condition questionable, he knew pacing himself was the key. He would throw a few jabs, slip into a clinch, hold until the referee made him break, rest against the ropes, even make faces and threatening gestures at opponents, many of whom were awed by being in the shadow of greatness.

Pep tired more quickly than usual against Tague. After the fight, he told a reporter, "I was out later than usual last night." In the sixth round, while trying to keep Tague off-balance by spinning him around, Willie's legs gave way and he headed, head-down, to the floor. Breaking the fall with outstretched arms, the old pro's right leg went flying high, missing Tague's face by a whisker. The crowd booed. Willie smiled. He was still smiling at the end of round 10, when his hand was raised in victory. ■



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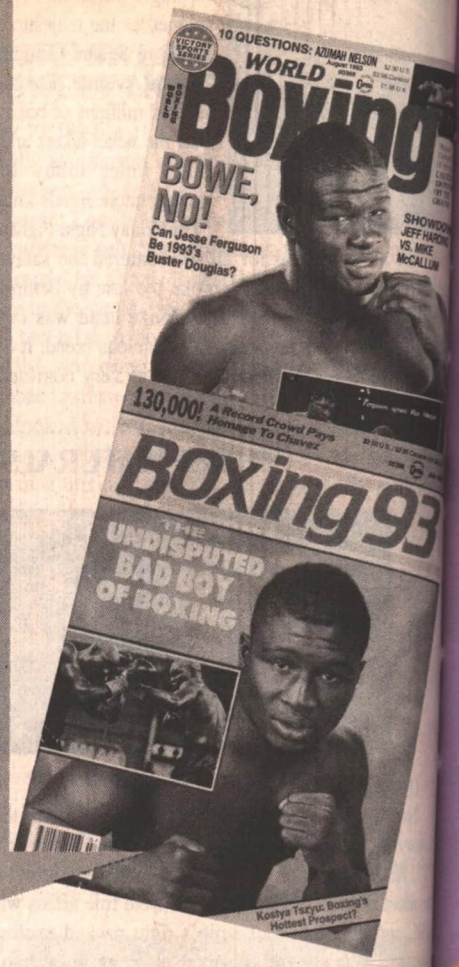

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ON DECK: Michael Moorer & Tommy Morrison

POWER HITTERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURNS AT BAT

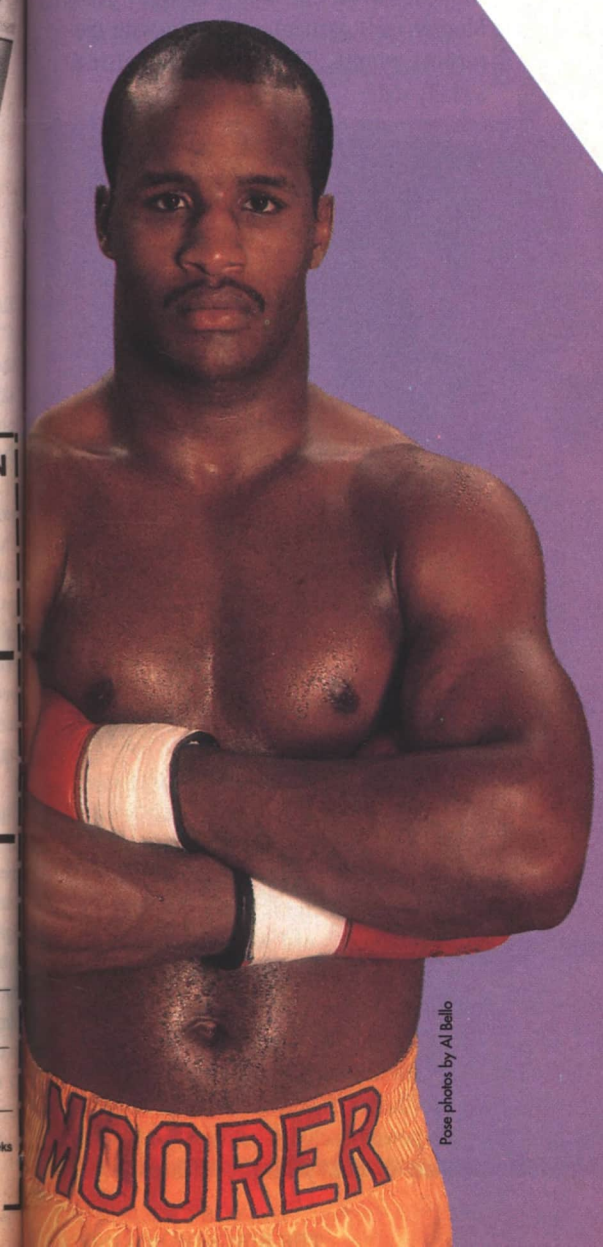
By Eric Karabell

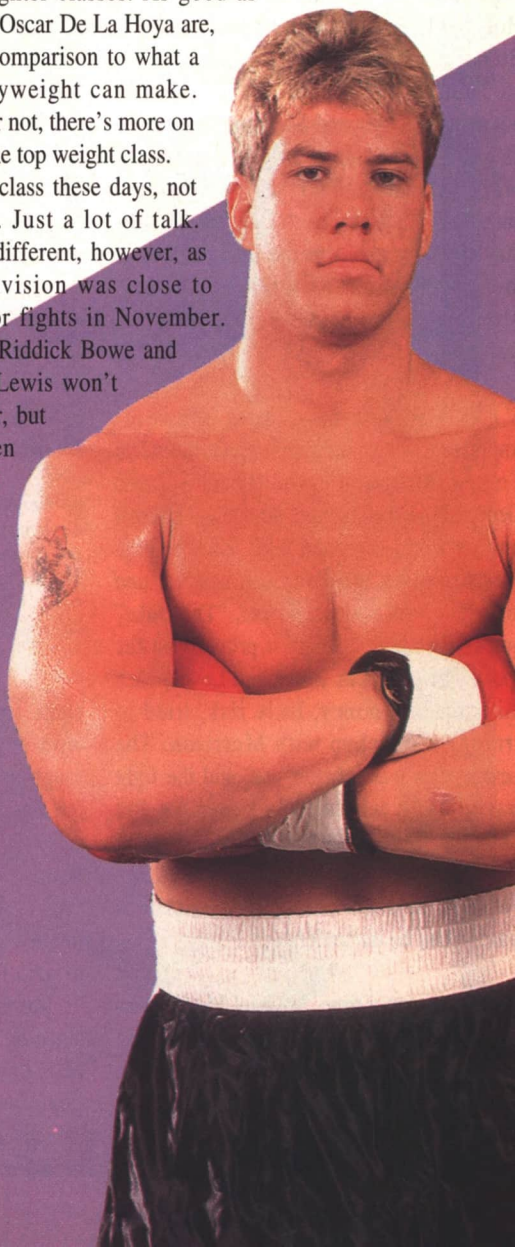
There's something about waiting that's annoying. Putting things off ... Delaying an important task ... Prolonging ... Procrastinating ... Avoiding ... Pausing ... Whatever you call it, waiting is a pain. Tom Petty said, "The waiting is the hardest part." Maybe it is.

Boxing is not a sport for the patient. If you fight three, four times a year, hey, you're pretty busy. If you're a champion, you may fight even less. There are fewer opportunities to lose the title that way. But for all the other fighters vying for that title, the wait can be frustrating. Surely you can't win a title if you don't get the chance. Waiting is strenuous.

In the heavyweight division, the stakes are so much higher than in the lighter classes. As good as Michael Carbajal and Oscar De La Hoya are, their purses pale in comparison to what a barely ranked heavyweight can make. Right or wrong, fair or not, there's more on the line at the top of the top weight class.

In the top weight class these days, not much is happening. Just a lot of talk. Things were almost different, however, as the heavyweight division was close to presenting two major fights in November. WBA/IBF champion Riddick Bowe and WBC titlist Lennox Lewis won't be fighting each other, but they could have been fighting Michael





Pose photos by Al Bello

Morrison's victory over Foreman catapulted him into the upper echelon of heavyweight contenders.

Moorer and Tommy Morrison, respectively. Instead, as we went to press, Bowe was scheduled to defend against Evander Holyfield, and Lewis was to face Frank Bruno.

Though they both sit in similar positions, Moorer and Morrison don't have as much in common as you may think. While they are both hot heavyweights, and each deserves a chance to fight for the title, they are viewed differently. Everyone wants to fight Morrison. No one wants to fight Moorer. For the time being, both are waiting.

***

It may not have been the most impressive win of his short career, but when Tommy Morrison carefully outpointed George Foreman in June, he opened himself up to a world of opportunity. And waiting. Presumably because Morrison is white *and* his talent level is questionable, "The Duke" quickly became the hottest property in the sport. The camps of Bowe and Lewis, each thinking big money, little risk, tried to arrange a matchup with Morrison. The Lewis offer was a better one, and the fight was originally scheduled for November. But Lewis is fighting Bruno instead, at least partly because Morrison *chose* to wait. But he says he's *not* waiting. Sometimes waiting can be misunderstood.

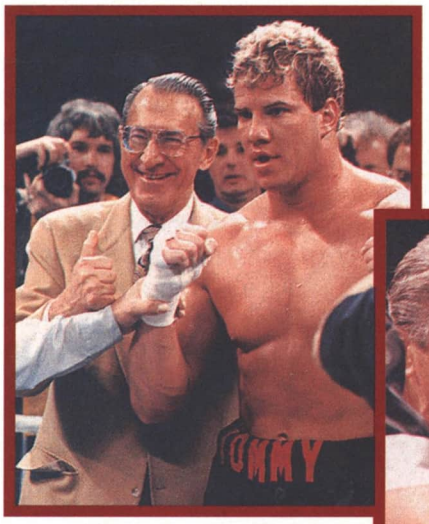
***

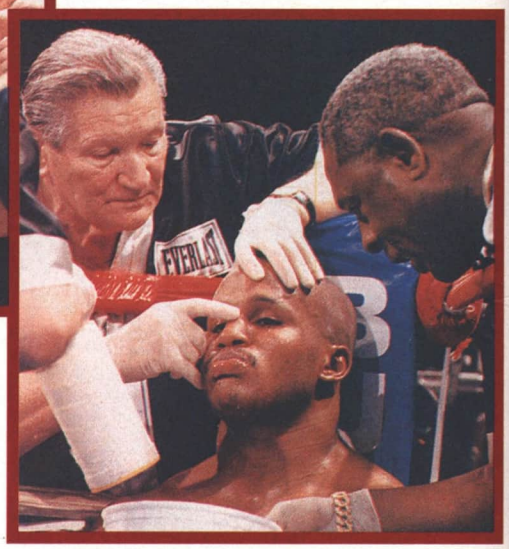
Once upon a time, Michael Moorer was the WBO heavyweight champion. He admits it was a lightly regarded title, and he vacated to go for one of the big ones. The waiting has been tedious and endless. As a southpaw, Moorer is regarded as dangerous. He is also a well-taught fighter. But Moorer hasn't fought anyone like a Foreman. There are rumors Moorer, rated first by the WBA and IBF, and Bowe are going to fight in the spring. So Moorer waits and waits. Will it ever end? Because if it doesn't, Mr. Moorer says he has better things to do than wait, thank you very much. Sometimes the waiting can be indefinite.

***

While Moorer's waiting may be indefinite, Morrison won't have to wait much longer. His wait, as we mentioned, is by choice.

"I requested to have it a little bit later," he said. "I'm still playing catch up to the Riddick Bowes and Lennox Lewises who





Above: Morrison is co-managed by Bill Cayton, who helped guide Mike Tyson to the throne. Right: Moorer's new team includes master trainer George Benton (far right), who wants the southpaw to control his instincts and box more than he slugs.

came from the Olympics and turned pro with experience. I came right from the tough-man contests. I'm playing catch up, but I'm closing in.

"I think [delaying a try at the title] is positive in more than one way. Obviously, I feel I need this. I know I'm improving rapidly, and I'm a young guy and can afford to wait. I'm not 32 years old."

Morrison, 24, likes to be active, and since he knows he will be fighting Lewis, he is preparing precisely for him. When he beat Foreman, he employed a slower, smarter game plan than the knockout style he's known for. While the crowd wasn't overly pleased with the lack of action, he won the fight and showed diversity. But don't expect such an approach against a relatively untested Lewis, who, according to Morrison, is also surrounded by question marks.

"The more active I stay, the better an athlete I become," said Morrison, "and when the title shot rolls around, I'll walk in there knowing I can win, instead of *hoping* I can win. I'm not necessarily sitting around waiting. Michael Moorer is kind of the odd man out, and that's sad. No one wants to fight a southpaw, and that's why he's playing the waiting game. I'm not waiting, my schedule's set."

Moorer's schedule has many open dates. He gave up the WBO title in March, and look what happened: Morrison beat Foreman to win the vacant title, and suddenly everyone wants to fight him. Moorer isn't particularly happy with the turn of events. The waiting is getting awfully stale.

"I'm tired of it," he said. "I think if I'm the number-one contender I should have the first shot at the title. I was promised this and that. Tommy Morrison is getting all the recognition in the world. I'll be cool and keep fighting until the time comes, but for now, Michael Moorer is just waiting again."

The 25-year-old Moorer is all-too-familiar with waiting. As a light heavyweight, he won the WBO title and then waited for the opportunity to challenge more established champions Virgil Hill and Prince Charles Williams. Nobody wants to fight a powerpunching southpaw, so Moorer jumped to heavyweight without even

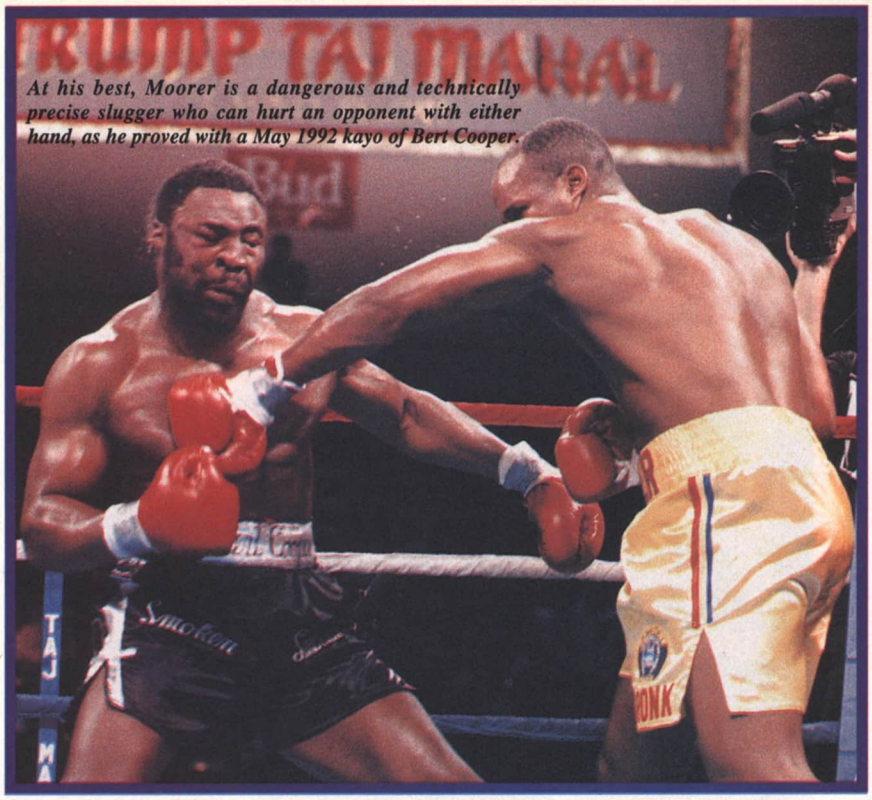
stopping at cruiser.

Just as Morrison can't help being white, Moorer can't control the fact he drops his bombs from the wrong side. It's enough to frustrate a guy. But ...

"I'm not really frustrated," he said. "I understand it, it's just boxing. My shot is overdue. I've been waiting quite some time, and not just as a heavyweight. I'm the wrong skin color. I'll just wait until the public demands it. Once I get my shot, I'll shine."

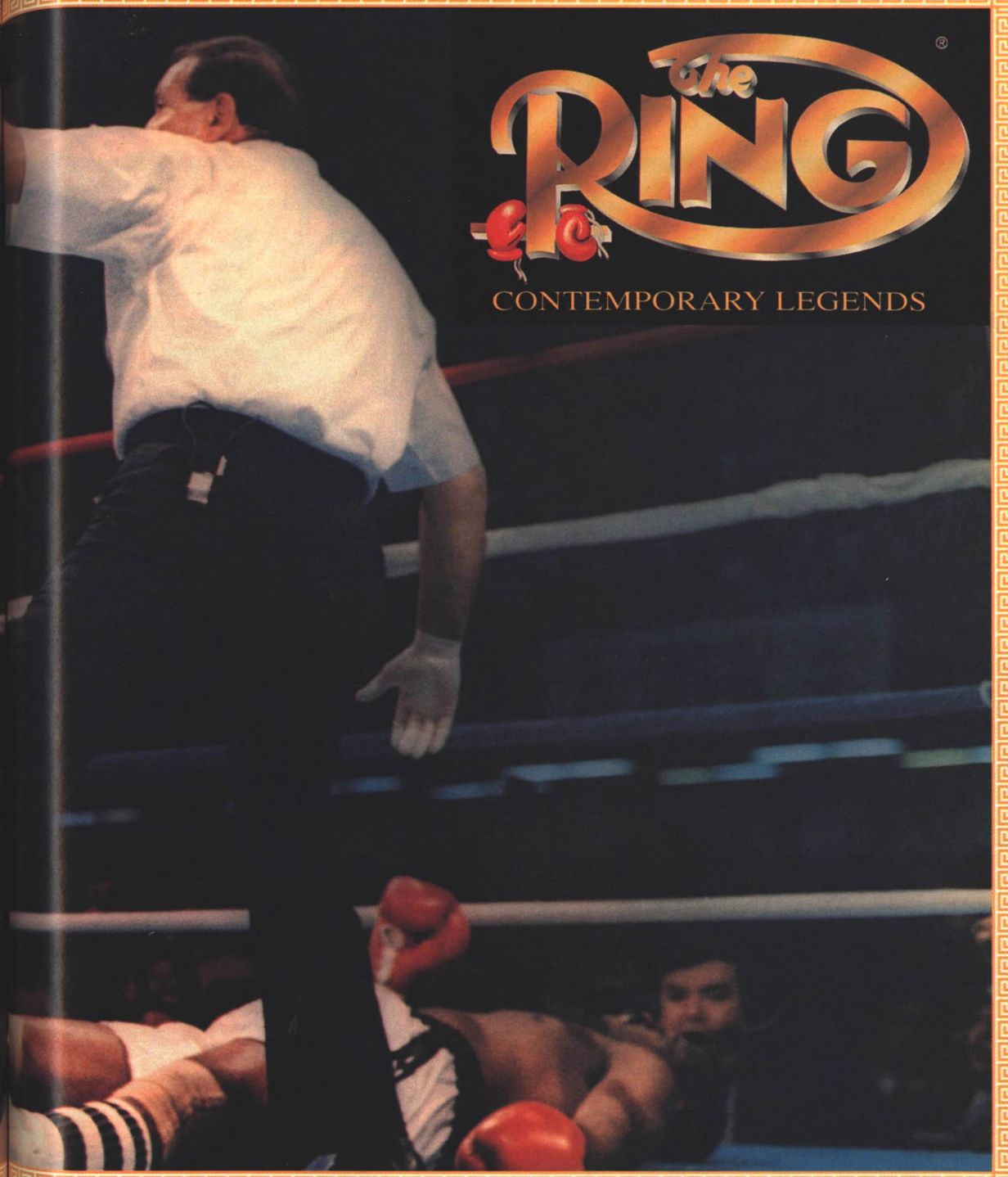
Skin color has become a major issue in the heavyweight sweepstakes, and both fighters are getting a little tired of hearing about it. There are other reasons Morrison has become such a hot commodity, among them the fact Bowe and Lewis consider him to be only a minor threat. Morrison is still haunted by the frightening kayo suffered at the hands of Ray Mercer in October 1991. He wasn't even favored to beat Foreman, and in doing so, he scared no one. Morrison

(Continued on page 55)



At his best, Moorer is a dangerous and technically precise slugger who can hurt an opponent with either hand, as he proved with a May 1992 kayo of Bert Cooper.

In January, Morrison climbed off the canvas to stop Carl "The Truth" Williams. "The Duke" is a pure puncher, but he's shown the ability to box and go the distance.



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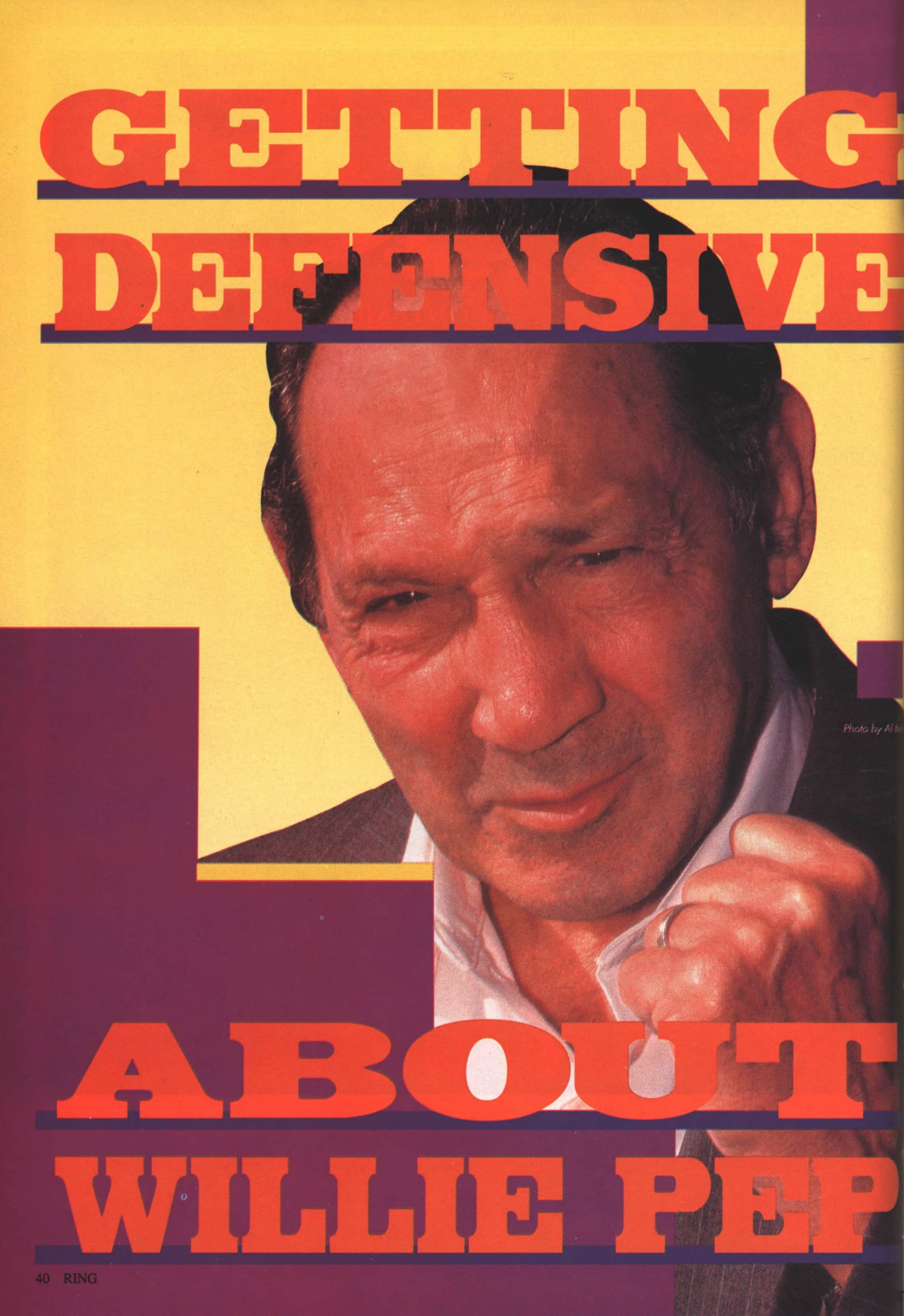
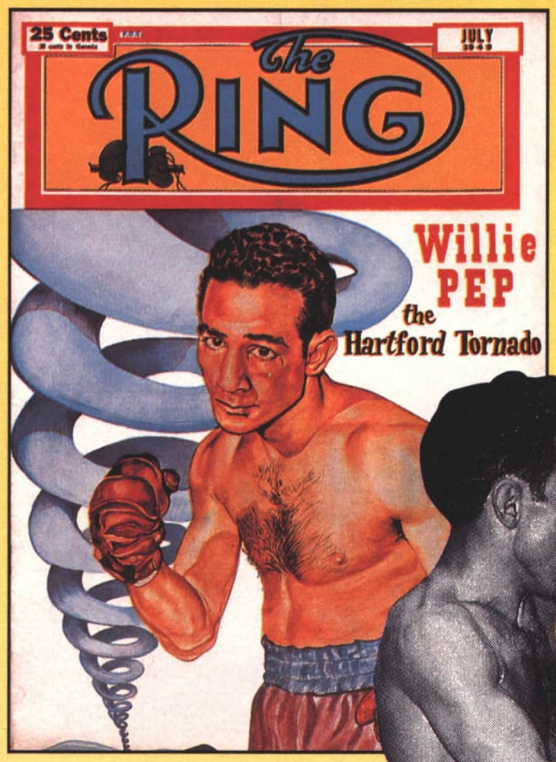
GETTING DEFENSIVE ABOUT WILLIE PEP



"See—They've All Forgotten Me"



Among THE RING'S *best covers was Stanley Weston's illustration of Pep for the July 1949 issue. Pep had recently regained the world title.*

By Karl Swisher

Guglielmo Papaleo seems oblivious to the traffic rushing by him. As he crosses three lanes of highway, the tiny old man walks quickly, talking and waving his hands all the while. He must retrieve something from the trunk of his car, which is parked at the motel up ahead, and this piece of road happens to be in the way.

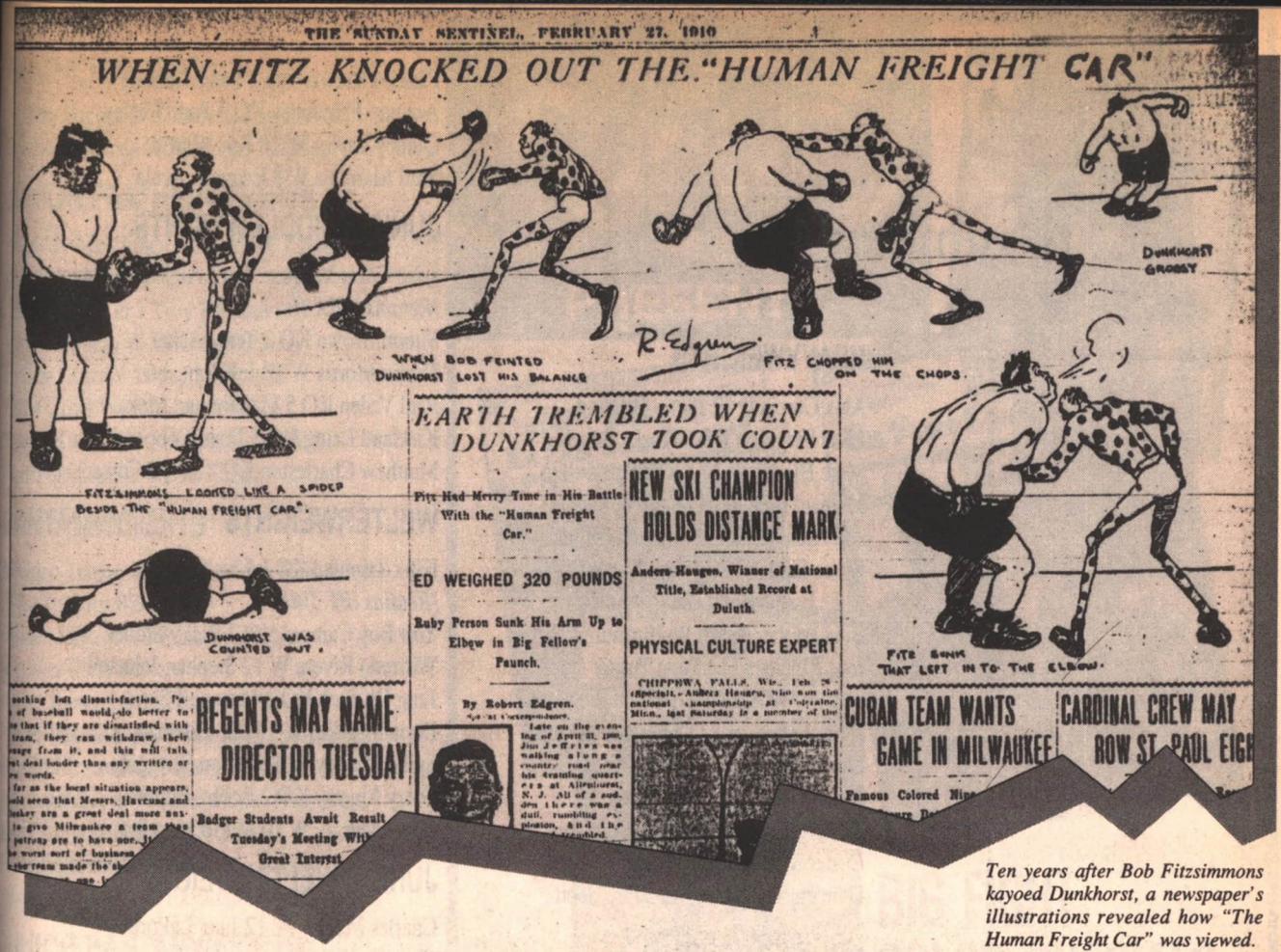
No matter. The man dodges cars on the highway as easily as he once dodged fists in the ring. At 70, Papaleo is hard to keep up with. Fifty years ago he must have been Speedy Gonzalez on amphetamines.

After crossing the highway, Papaleo passes a gas station on his

(Continued on page 56)

Pep was almost impossible to hit, as Sandy Saddler found out during his memorable four-fight series with "Will O' The Wisp."

"The Human Freight Car"



Ten years after Bob Fitzsimmons kayoed Dunkhorst, a newspaper's illustrations revealed how "The Human Freight Car" was viewed.

WHEN ED DUNKHORST WAS THE BIGGEST FIGHTER IN BOXING

By Pete Ehrmann

If he were around today, Ed Dunkhorst would be just another big, fat heavyweight who couldn't fight too well, and, accordingly, would qualify for a shot at Riddick Bowe's title. But almost a century ago, when most heavyweights were about the size of today's light heavyweights, the 6'3½", 280-pound Dunkhorst was a towering figure who attracted unusual attention whenever he stepped into the ring. Most customers were interested more in seeing how he looked horizontally than standing up, and they cheered for his opponents to bring down the giant like a skyscraper crumbled by dynamite.

A lot of the roughest fighters of that era tried, but with just one exception Big Ed stood up to their assaults in a manner befitting the owner of one of the best and most descriptive nicknames in boxing history. Ed Dunkhorst was "The Human Freight Car."

It was Tommy Ryan, the wily and cruel welterweight and middleweight champion of the 1890s, who groomed the oversized native of Syracuse for a ring career. Ryan figured the public would turn out to see a goliath in boxing gloves, and if he could be taught how to use them even a little

(Continued on page 60)

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Alex Garcia D 12 James Warring
Jesse Ferguson KO 9 Rocky Pepeli
Mike Hunter W 12 Alexandre Zolkin
Michael Bent W 10 Mark Wills
Axel Schulz W 10 Kimmuel Odum
Bruce Seldon KO 9 Greg Page
Mike Evans KO 9 Gary Winmon
Bonecrusher Smith W 10 Andrew Stokes
Jose Ribalta KO 4 West Turner
Jeremy Williams W 10 Frankie Swindell
Jimmy Thunder KO 5 Melton Bowen
Larry Donald KO 5 Al Shoffner
David Tua KO 1 Larry Davis
Buster Mathis Jr. W 10 Mark Young
Buster Mathis Jr. W 10 Levi Billups
Donnell Nicholson KO 2 Phil Scott

CRUISERWEIGHTS

Al Cole W 12 Glenn McCrory
(Retains IBF Title)
Nate Miller KO 5 Grady Smith
Carl Thompson KO 3 Willie Jake

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

Fabian Garcia KO 9 Vaughn Hooks
Mickey Rourke KO 3 Bubba Stotts

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS

James Toney KO 6 Danny Garcia
(Non-Title Bout)
Vincenzo Nardiello KO 2 Bruce Starling
Joe Lipsey W 10 Tyrone Trice
Nicky Piper KO 5 Trevor Ambrose
John Jarvis KO 3 John Ford

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Gerald McClellan KO 1 Jay Bell
(Retains WBC Title)
Bernard Hopkins KO 7 Roy Richie
Lamar Parks KO 11 Gilbert Baptist
Julian Jackson KO 1 Carlton Haywood
Otis Grant KO 4 Brett Lally
Agostino Cardamone KO 3 Francesco Dell'Aquila
Frank Grant W 8 Randy Smith
Charles Brewer KO 2 Steve Darnell
Antonio Fernandez KO 3 Paul Wesley
Quincy Taylor W 10 Eric Martin
Raul Marquez W 8 Eduardo Ayala

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Julio Cesar Vasquez W 12 Alejandro Ugueto
(Retains WBA Title)
Simon Brown KO 2 Terry Acker
Darrin Morris W 10 Jeff Johnson
Paul Vaden KO 5 Muhammad Moka
Kirkland Laing KO 5 Dean Cooper
Matthew Charleston KO 4 Floyd Cowens

WELTERWEIGHTS

Felix Trinidad KO 1 Luis Garcia
(Retains IBF Title)
Yori Boy Campas KO 7 Ricky Stoner
Wilfredo Rivera W 12 Stephan Johnson
Jung Oh Park KO 2 Masanori Sato
Donald Stokes W 10 Pat Coleman
Spike Cheney W 12 Stefan Scriggins
Garry Murray KO 2 Bobby Butters
Garry Murray W 10 Mario Morales

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

Charles Murray W 12 Juan LaPorte
(Retains IBF Title)
David Kamau KO 1 Julio Flores
Hector Lopez KO 3 David Santos
Ray Oliveira KO 6 Tracy Spann
Juan Nazario W 10 Angel Cordova
Oscar Lopez W 10 Mauro Gutierrez
George Scott W 10 Donald Allison
Vernon Forrest KO 3 Theodore Carradine
Joshua Renteria W 6 Pepe Reilly

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Freddie Pendleton W 12 Jorge Paez
(Retains IBF Title)
Rafael Ruelas W 10 Darryll Tyson
Nazarov Olzubek W 12 Boy Ligas
Bernard Taylor KO 1 John Jackson
Giovanni Parisi W 10 Jesus Rojas
Fabian Tejeda KO 1 Tomas Arguelles
Paul Burke W 8 Lyndon Walker

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

Victor Hugo Paz W 12 Cirilo Figueredo
Victor Hugo Paz W 12 Manuel Mejia
Daniel Londas KO 4 Bobby Adams
Jorge Ramirez KO 5 Larry Loy
Neil Haddock KO 7 Steve Walker
Fred Liberatore KO 1 Ricardo Cepeda

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Pancho Segura D 12 Bennie Amparo
Luisito Espinosa KO 3 Boyet Andales

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Kennedy McKinney KO 3 Rudy Zavala
(Retains IBF Title)
Jesus Salud KO 1 Troy Fletcher
Julio Gervacio W 10 Ulises Chong
Freddy Cruz W 10 Juan Valencia
Eddie Croft W 12 Jerome Coffee
Yuichi Kasai W 10 Masanori Yamaoka
Pedro Decima W 8 Luis Vargas

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Joichiro Tatsuyoshi W 12 Victor Rabanales
(Wins Interim WBC Title)
Eleicer Julio W 12 Ricardo Vargas
(Retains WBA Title)
Junior Jones KO 12 Francisco Alvarez
Yasuei Yakushiji W 10 Suksawat Tow Boonlert
Harold Mestre KO 2 Isidro Tejedor
Jose Luis Bueno KO 8 Bandilio Hernandez
Elvis Alvarez KO 8 Jesus Sarabia
Ernie Cataluna W 10 Rolando Bohol
Ishmael Sanders W 10 Emanuel Santiago

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Greg Richardson D 10 Mike Espinoza
Marco Antonio Barrera KO 1 Elio Dominguez
Alejandro Felix Montiel KO 7 Jose Quirino

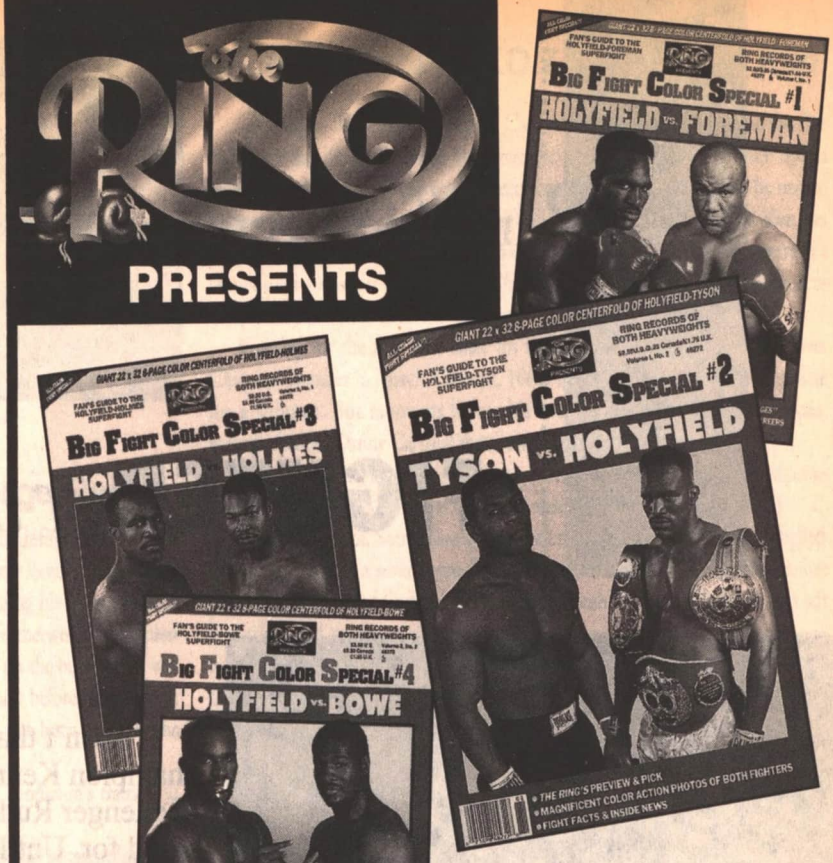
FLYWEIGHTS

Phichit Sithbangprachan KO 1 Kyung Yun Lee
(Retains IBF Title)
Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Isaias Zamudio
(Retains WBC Title)
Scotty Olson KO 2 Silverio Porras
Nam Hoon Cha KO 1 Joseph Paden
Jesus Chong KO 8 Ismael Rodriguez
Melchor Cob Castro W 10 Bong Jun Kim
Jake Matlala W 10 Pablo Tiznado
Danny Nunez W 12 Francisco Montiel

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

Myung Woo Yuh W 12 Yuichi Hosono
(Retains WBA Title)
Michael Carbajal KO 7 Kwang Sun Kim
(Retains WBC/IBF Titles)
Shiro Yahiro KO 4 Ruengroj Kiatkriengkrai
Eric Griffin KO 4 Alberto Cantu
Jesus Herrera W 10 Julio Acevedo Lopez

The RING PRESENTS



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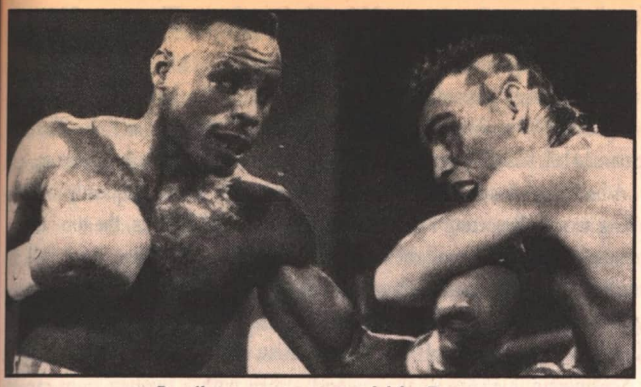
FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

It wasn't that IBF junior featherweight champion Kennedy McKinney disliked challenger Rudy Zavala. It was what Zavala stood for. Until about 18 months ago, McKinney, a gold medalist at the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul, was promoted by Top Rank. The way he saw it, when Zavala came along, Top Rank forgot him. There was a new 122-pounder to hype.

On July 17, McKinney punished Zavala, scoring three knockdowns en route to a sensational third-round kayo victory. It was McKinney's second defense, and he has begun to merit consideration as, pound for pound, one of boxing's best fighters. Zavala? It's going to take a lot more than hype to rebuild his shattered reputation.

• • • •

Kennedy McKinney



Pendleton was too powerful for Paez

Freddie Pendleton W 12 Jorge Paez

Las Vegas—In the hours before Pendleton's first defense of the IBF lightweight title, ringsiders at the Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion wondered whether the key to the bout would be focus, not skill. Sensing his try at "Fearless Freddie" would be his last chance at a world title, former featherweight champion Paez had uncharacteristically trained diligently. Pendleton, on the other hand, was mourning the death of his son, Freddie Jr., who, nine days before, had died of respiratory failure only 90 minutes after his birth. (He was born 5½ months premature.)

"Obviously we seriously considered pulling out," said Pendleton's trainer, Al Bonanni, "but Freddie wanted the show to go on."

Given the circumstances, Pendleton's performance was outstanding. He jumped to a points lead in the first round, when a straight right forced Paez, 135, Mexicali, Mexico, to one knee. The challenger's problems worsened in the second, when an unintentional butt opened a dangerous cut over his left eye. Dr. Flip Homansky conducted a brief examination, and the bout was allowed to continue. Thanks to the work of master cutman Chuck Bodak, Paez fought the second half of the bout without bleeding.

For most of the fight, Pendleton, 135, Miami, Florida, stuck to his box-and-move game plan. He doubled and tripled his jab, and when he followed with his straight right, he often found his target. Such a moment occurred in the fourth, when a cross dropped Paez for a flash knockdown. At no other point was the Mexican in trouble, perhaps because the champion sprained his right hand in the sixth.

"That's what happens," he explained, "when you take a piece of brick and put it on steel [Paez' head]."

Always moving forward, Paez was somewhat effective in the late rounds. There was more playing than punching, however, with Paez, 46-6-4 (30), repeatedly thrusting his pelvis like a miniature Elvis, and Pendleton, 35-17-4 (23), sticking out his tongue and making faces.

THE RING had Pendleton a winner by only one point (114-113). The judges saw a more lopsided fight; Bill Graham (USA) and Juan Ramirez (Mexico) both scored 116-111, and Stuart Winston (USA) 116-110. The referee was Joe Cortez.

The 30-year-old Pendleton's next defense will come against top-rated contender Rafael Ruelas, who engaged in a shouting match with the champion at the postfight press conference. On the undercard, Ruelas scored a unanimous 10-round decision over veteran Darryll Tyson.

The bout, which included the Carbajal-Kim title fight, was televised on pay-per-view.

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(7-17-93)

Steve Farhood

Michael Carbajal KO 7 Kwang Sun Kim

Las Vegas—WBC/IBF champion Carbajal may or may not become the first million-dollar junior flyweight (or flyweight), but at the Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion, he took a giant step toward becoming the first 108-pounder to be named Fighter of the Year. Carbajal's knockout of 1988 Olympic gold medalist Kim was his second consecutive one-punch kayo over a world-class foe. Unless September's showdown between Julio Cesar Chavez and Pernell Whitaker produces exceptional fireworks, 1993 will belong to "Little Hands Of Stone."

Fighting for the first time since his unforgettable off-the-floor victory over Chiquita Gonzalez in March, Carbajal, 108, Phoenix, Arizona, seemed a candidate for a letdown. But moments before his brother climbed through the ropes, manager/trainer Danny Carbajal shot down that theory.

"If anything," he said, "he's more pumped up because now he has *two* titles to defend." (The bout vs. Kim was Carbajal's eighth defense of the IBF crown.)

Kim, 108, Seoul, South Korea, nonetheless proved troublesome. An infighter who fought out of a severe crouch and stepped to one side or the other before punching, he crowded Carbajal and struck with both his fists and head. A butt left a mark—and some swelling—under the champion's left eye in the fourth. The 29-year-old Kim was handicapped as well; in the second, an errant thumb found his right eye, and by the fifth, the swelling had closed it shut.

Carbajal and Kim after the war

In the rounds preceding the kayo, Carbajal, 29-0 (16), established his superior power, after six rounds he led by scores of 59-55 (the USA's Chuck Giampa and Glen Hamada) and 58-56 (South Korea's Dae Eun Chung). Kim, 6-2 (4), started the seventh as if he were about to rally. He scored with a crisp right-left and backed Carbajal to the ropes. But when the fighters returned to ring center, Carbajal connected with a right and a hook to the point of the chin. *Boom!* Kim collapsed, then foolishly jumped to his feet as referee Richard Steele began to count. When the challenger wiggled and wobbled, Steele wisely called a halt at the 2:23 mark.

"I expected a tough fight, but I didn't know he was as dirty as he was," said the winner. "He was kinda awkward."

Carbajal hopes to next face another pressure-fighting Korean, WBA champion Myung Woo Yuh. Should he win that bout, he'd reign as boxing's only unified champion.

(7-17-93)

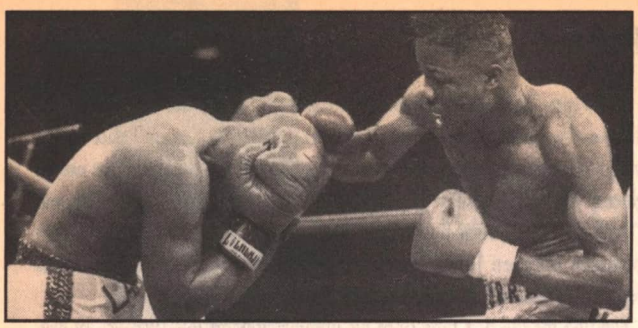
Steve Farhood

Charles Murray W 12 Juan LaPorte

Atlantic City—Murray made a successful first defense of the IBF junior welterweight title with an eye-catching unanimous decision over shopworn LaPorte at The Showboat. The contest wasn't as intriguing as Murray's title-winning effort vs. Rodney Moore, but neither was it anticlimactic. Murray's flashy style and LaPorte's cool under fire made it lively and interesting, defying the belief that a bout has to be a brutal slugfest to be a crowd-pleaser.

Both Murray, 140, Rochester, New York, and former featherweight titlist LaPorte, 140, Guayama, Puerto Rico, took the first few rounds to size up the situation. The champion gained an early advantage by establishing his excellent jab. LaPorte tried counter hooks, but Murray picked them off. And when the challenger worked his way inside, Murray proved a competent infighter.

After Murray, 30-1 (18), enjoyed a big fourth round, LaPorte, 39-14 (21),



Murray wins in his first defense

began standing around, as if undecided on what to do. He mounted his most ambitious inside attack in the eighth and 10th, but Murray nonetheless won handily. Lynne Carter and Steve Weisfeld both scored 118-110, and Rocky Castellani had it 120-107. All three judges are from the USA. The referee was Tony Orlando.

"You go soft, hard, soft, hard," Murray said of his strategy. "You're mixing it up, so they never know when that power's gonna come."

"I was trying to frustrate him, cursing at him, telling him to come in, 'Come on, let's fight,' stuff like that so he'd stay in there," said LaPorte. "But he's very slick, and he just did his thing. He knew what he was trying to do. He got away from me."

There was predictable talk of a showdown between Murray and Julio Cesar Chavez, but if Chavez dethrones Pernell Whitaker at 147 pounds, Murray will likely try to take center stage among the world titleholders at 140.

The bout was televised live only in Europe and Asia.

(7-24-93)

J.R. Jowett

Joichiro Tatsuyoshi W 12 Victor Rabanales

Osaka, Japan—Former champion Tatsuyoshi, 117, gained the interim WBC bantamweight title, as well as a measure of revenge, by scoring a split but well-received decision over another former titlist, Rabanales, 117, at the Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium.

In September 1992, Rabanales was the interim champion when he stopped Tatsuyoshi in the ninth round. The Mexican was dethroned by Korea's Jung Il Byun in March. When Byun broke his hand in his first defense, the WBC mandated that Japan's Tatsuyoshi, who was scheduled to challenge the Korean, and Rabanales would clash for the interim title.

Tatsuyoshi-Rabanales II is being called Japan's Fight of the Year. The 23-year-old Tatsuyoshi, 9-1-1 (7), started quickly, battering Rabanales throughout the first round. Rabanales, 36-12-2 (19), rebounded in the second, landing with uppercuts to the body. The immensely popular Tatsuyoshi was far more aggressive in the third and fourth. He seemed to tire, however, and the rugged Rabanales, 30, took the next four rounds. The last third of the bout swung back and forth, with the quicker Tatsuyoshi rallying in the 11th and 12th and Rabanales slightly fading. There were no knockdowns, but the banties exchanged solid shots all the way.

Herbert Minn (USA) and Dr. James Jen Kin (USA) scored for Tatsuyoshi by 116-114 and 115-114, respectively. Anek Hongtongkam (Thailand) saw Rabanales the winner by 115-114. The referee was Richard Steele (USA).

Tatsuyoshi will presumably defend against Byun before the end of the year.

Promoter: Teiken Promotions

(7-22-93)

Joe Koizumi

Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Isaias Zamudio

Kobe, Japan—Japanese-based Russian Arbachakov, 111½, struggled vs. the fast, switch-hitting Zamudio, 111¼, Blythe, California, but kept the WBC flyweight title by unanimous decision before some 7,000 fans at Kobe World Memorial Hall. It was the powerpunching 26-year-old champion's third defense.

Arbachakov's feared weapon is his right cross, and he landed frequently in the opening session. Peppering the champion with soft combinations, the top-rated Zamudio, 33-4-1 (10), took the second. The upright Arbachakov, 16-0 (13), carried the third, fourth, and fifth with his aggressiveness, but then Zamudio, 24, began to carry the fight to his taller foe. The challenger showed superior infighting skills, and won the majority of the rounds in the last half of the bout.

Sensing trouble, Arbachakov, who finished with a swollen right eye, accelerated to take the 12th. As it turned out, had he lost the final round, the fight would have ended in a majority draw. Dave Brown (Canada) scored 116-113, and Tamotsu Tomihara (USA) and Jae Bong Kim (South Korea) 117-115. The referee was Guadalupe Garcia (Mexico).

Rafael Mendoza, Zamudio's business manager, said he would officially protest the verdict. Countered Arbachakov, "Zamudio was too short and fast-moving to catch with my best shots, but his blows lacked power and weren't effective."

Look for Arbachakov and Zamudio to be rematched down the road.

Promoter: Kyoei Promotions

(7-16-93)

Joe Koizumi

Eliecer Julio W 12 Ricardo Vargas

Tijuana, Mexico—WBA bantamweight champion Julio proved he doesn't need the protection of his native Colombia as he scored a majority decision over Tijuana's "Chapo" Vargas before a crowd of 3,200 at El Toreo de Tijuana. It was Julio's second defense.

The challenger, a former Mexican national champion at 118 pounds, boxed, moved, and made the cautious champion work throughout. He took the initiative in round three and found a home for his right hand, landing against the side of Julio's head. The Colombian connected with an unpenalized low blow in the fifth, which started a hit-you-anywhere-I-can exchange. Julio chased his backpedaling foe in the middle and late rounds. He couldn't catch Vargas solidly, but the challenger's strategy did nothing to impress the judges.

Julio finally caught Vargas in the 12th round, dropping him with a right to the chin. After Vargas picked himself up, Julio pounced, and referee Bernie Soto (USA) was studying the challenger's condition when the bell ended the fight.

(7-8-93)

Bruce Williams

Kennedy McKinney KO 3 Rudy Zavala

Memphis, Tennessee—You don't think McKinney's first fight in his hometown was a big deal? Well, it's not every day Cybill Shepherd sings the national anthem.

"And she called *me*," said McKinney's manager, Akbar Muhammad.

Shepherd, a native of Memphis, jazzed up her act for the occasion, and so did IBF junior featherweight champion McKinney, who defended before about 6,000 fans at The Pyramid. McKinney's third defense was billed as "The Rumble On The River." But while one fighter rumbled, the other stumbled.

McKinney, 121, Memphis, impressively destroyed a capable and dangerous foe. The fifth-rated Zavala, 122, Costa Mesa, California, opened in a crouch and applied immediate pressure. But his aggressiveness worked against him. McKinney

took the first round by scoring with jabs and left uppercuts, and with 10 seconds remaining, he staggered the challenger with his power weapon, a straight right.

Zavala started the second by winging punches. McKinney discouraged him with a pair of rights, then fought at close range, negating his 6½-inch reach advantage but nonetheless dominating. After only six minutes, Zavala was out of options.

Early in the third, McKinney, 24-0-1 (15), fighting off the ropes, connected with a series of rights. His punches were landing flush, and two more rights wobbled the challenger. McKinney then followed with another right. *Boom!* The 24-year-old Zavala, 21-2-2 (16), quickly regained his feet, but about 25 seconds later was again felled, this time by three consecutive rights. He beat the count of referee Chris Wollessen (USA), only to suffer a third knockdown, courtesy of—care to guess?—a straight right. Wollessen didn't bother to count, signaling the end at the 2:08 mark.

"I wanted to box the guy, but he wanted to bang," said the 27-year-old McKinney. "And I wasn't gonna run."

Especially in front of Cybill.

The judges were Vaughn LaPrade, Gary Merritt, and Pete Podgorski, all from the USA.

Promoter: Cedric Kushner

(7-17-93)

Myung Woo Yuh W 12 Yuichi Hosono

Yuh (facing camera) guns for Hosono

Kyongju, South Korea—Slick WBA junior flyweight champion Yuh, 108, proved too fast and ringwise for Japan's Hosono, 107¾, pounding out a one-sided decision at the Hyundai Hotel. It was the first defense of Yuh's second reign. (In his first reign, the Korean made 17 successful defenses.)

The 24-year-old Hosono set an honest pace and concentrated his attack on the champion's midsection. The faster Yuh responded with quick combinations. He suffered a cut over his right eyebrow in the fifth, but it didn't slow his counterattack. He combined fast hands and clever footwork in the eighth, and steadily piled up points over the last third of the fight. The methodical Hosono tried to break through with powerpunches in the 10th and 11th. Yuh's superior defense, however, enabled him to elude almost all of the blows.

Antonio Requena (Venezuela) scored 119-110, Rodolfo Maldonado (Panama) 120-111, and Pinit Prayadsab (Thailand) 118-110. The referee was Larry Rozadilla (USA).

There has been word that Yuh may meet WBC/IBF champion Michael Carbajal in a unification battle sometime in 1994. But Yuh wasn't particularly sharp against Hosono, and ever since he regained the title, his family has been urging him to retire. His future remains a mystery.

Promoter: Thomas Kim's Dong-A Promotions

(7-25-93)

Joe Koizumi

Felix Trinidad KO 1 Luis Garcia

Bayamon, Puerto Rico—Any doubts about the capabilities of IBF welterweight champion Trinidad were erased in his first defense, which came at the Ruben Rodriguez Coliseum.

Local favorite Trinidad, 146½, Cupey Alto, Puerto Rico, defended against number-one rated contender Garcia, 147, Caracas, Venezuela. The challenger had previously lost close decisions in title tries against Maurice Blocker, whom the 20-year-old Trinidad had dethroned by third-round kayo in June, and Meldrick Taylor. He was believed to be a real test, but turned out to be easier than Blocker. The fight was over 2:31 into the first round.

The 29-year-old Garcia, 24-3 (20), was dropped four times, with Trinidad's vaunted left hook playing an important part in each knockdown. Garcia's first fall came 75 seconds into the bout, courtesy of a hook and right. The second time he crashed, he landed face-first. After the third knockdown, produced by a hook to the body and two to the head, referee Waldemar Schmidt (Puerto Rico) elected to allow Garcia one more chance. He was heavily criticized, but pointed out that against Blocker, Garcia had risen from the canvas and almost won. The referee quickly called a halt after the fourth knockdown. Trinidad advanced to 21-0 (18).

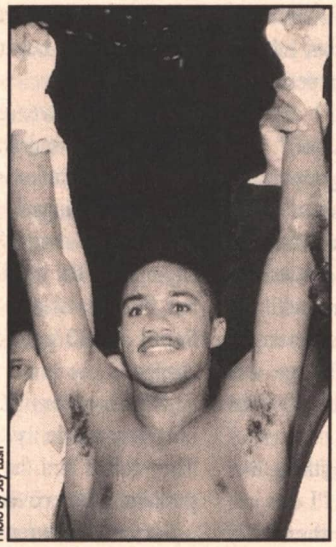


Photo by Jay Lash

Trinidad thrilled the home folks

The judges were Nelson Vasquez (Puerto Rico), Ric Bays (USA), and Eugene Grant (USA). The bout, along with McClellan-Bell, was televised by Showtime.

Promoter: Don King

(8-6-93)

Mario Rivera

Gerald McClellan KO 1 Jay Bell

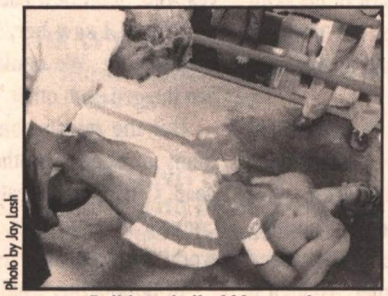


Photo by Jay Lash

Bell lasted all of 30 seconds

Bayamon, Puerto Rico—If Trinidad was awesome, what was WBC middleweight champion McClellan, 159½, Freeport, Illinois, whose first defense lasted all of 30 seconds? The 25-year-old Kronk fighter's kayo of the sadly overmatched Bell, 157½, Chattanooga, Tennessee, was the quickest knockout in 160-pound title fight history, and the second shortest title fight at any weight. (In 1991, James Warring won the vacant IBF cruiserweight title by stopping James Pritchard in 24 seconds.)

Only one punch was landed, a sharp left that landed on the right side of Bell's body, under his rib cage. The 34-year-old challenger, 17-2-1 (16), fell onto his right side and remained on the canvas for several minutes. He was counted out by referee Tony Perez (USA). McClellan rose to 29-2 (27).

The judges were Angel Luis Guzman (Puerto Rico), Francisco Manzano (Puerto Rico), and Ladislao Sanchez (Venezuela).

(8-6-93)

Mario Rivera ■

Scott

(Continued from page 16)

him to Sweden for adoption when Scott was six. Sweden was not home, though it provided a better life than he would have had in Liberia, where a number—he doesn't know exactly how many—of his brothers and sisters died. It was as far from Liberia as he could get, and there was a period of adjustment.

"I remember the first snowfall," said Scott. "I spent hours just looking up at the sky. I had never seen anything like it."

Some things could never be adjusted to. Scott, who was then known as George Cramne, was unable to get along with his adoptive parents. Though his younger brother still lives with them, George was sent away to a school for "bad boys" when he was 14.

"It wasn't for stealing or anything like that," said the 26-year-old Scott. "I was just never able to get along with them. My brother came to them younger, so he was okay. But I guess I was older and had more difficulty."

When Scott pauses during a workout to talk in his gently accented English, he appears to be anything but the angry youngster whose only answer to the taunts of other children was to punch them until they no longer mocked the color of his skin. He would lash out at them, but nothing could make the pain of growing up different fade away.

In 1983, Scott walked into the boxing gym of Kjell Fredriksson. A teacher of mentally handicapped children who indulged his passion for boxing by coaching amateurs, Fredriksson immediately sensed something within the newcomer. Though it was his habit to work only with experienced fighters, he went over to Scott, who was jabbing with his left hand, and switched him to southpaw. To this day, Scott remains a lefty in the ring.

Scott had problems getting along with the other coaches, so Fredriksson quickly became his main trainer.

"They didn't have the right psychology to work with him," Fredriksson, who still coached boxing in Sweden, said in a phone interview. "When he was young, the children would call him 'black cat' and 'Negro.' He beat up a lot of guys, and maybe some beat him, too. I taught him to be positive and proud of who he was, that he couldn't make them go away by fighting them all."

At first Scott was mistrustful of his mentor. But when Fredriksson opened his home, the teenager began to open himself up.

"He knew what was in me; he saw a nice guy inside and began to take care of me," said Scott.

"He had never gotten any love from people," said Fredriksson. "He needed a lot of love and kindness. I tried to teach him about these things."

Fredriksson told Scott he would win an Olympic medal in 1988. Scott doubted him, but five years later he took the silver in Seoul at 132 pounds. His life instantly changed.

Where previously he had been an outsider, suddenly Scott was a celebrity. They called him the Swedish Liberian and put him on the cover of magazines. He had a plethora of newfound friends.

"There are always guys who like you better when you are something," Scott said. "But I always had a few good friends around, people that I could trust."

He had not seen his mother since he was 10, so a Swedish newspaper arranged for him to fly to Liberia. With a feeling in his stomach not unlike what he felt as a six-year-old, Scott flew back to Africa.

"When I saw her," he said, "we were both crying. We couldn't believe it—we just hugged each other."

But the return home was bittersweet. Many of Scott's brothers and sisters were dead. Others were scattered throughout the country by civil war, and throughout the world by adoption.

In fiction, this would be the point where Scott turns professional and makes lots of money to help his family. But in real life, Sweden has no professional boxing. Scott rejected a move to Denmark, where, he said, they treated pro boxers like slaves. He tried moving to New York and worked briefly with Floyd Patterson, but didn't care for it, so he again returned to Sweden.

After laboring for two more years in the amateurs, Scott caught a break. Gary Trevett, an American who coached basketball and ran a restaurant in Sweden, offered to manage him. He sent the fighter to Florida to work with the legendary Dundee.

Dundee has brought Scott along slowly, maintaining the smooth boxing skills that won the 140-pounder the silver medal while introducing him to the subtleties of the pro game at a relatively late age.

"He used to loop his punches from the outside," said Dundee, "and he broke his hands every six months. But now, with luck, he can be a championship caliber fighter."

Scott's most visible bout came on the undercard of Riddick Bowe-Jesse Ferguson in May. Though he won a unanimous eight-round decision over John Stewart, it was not his most impressive performance.

"He was very awkward, but I was in great condition," said Scott. "I was trying to outpunch him, but he kept coming back. Finally, I just boxed him in the sixth, seventh, and eighth rounds and he tired."

Meanwhile, Scott's fame endures in Sweden, though he now makes his home in the United States with his wife and four-year-old son.

"He is very popular in Sweden," said Fredriksson. "The girls love him. All his fights are televised here. I think we will now have professional fighting here in one or two years. This has a lot to do with George.

Scott returns the affection the Swedish people now show him. Indeed, there is no trace of bitterness over his difficult childhood.

"People are different; there are good and bad," he said. "I was something new for the kids when I was little. They were just being kids. Now I have lots of good friends there. If you're a nice guy, you can make them like you." ■

Mark Jacobs is a freelance writer based in Miami.

Chavez

(Continued from page 23)

lot in the last couple of rounds. What happened?' Then we were in the parking lot and I told my girlfriend Michelle, 'It's kinda weird. I'm having a hard time seeing right now. I hope I don't get to tripping and

stuff.' Then when I got into the car and we drove away, I covered my right eye and everything was fine. But when I covered my left eye and looked through my right eye, I couldn't see."

Chavez told his sister Donna to drive to Inter-Community Hospital in Covina, California, where he stayed overnight before checking out. Chavez then called Dr. Robert Karns, who arranged for the fighter to visit several ophthalmologists, one of whom was Dr. Neil Brourman, a retina specialist. What Dr. Brourman saw wasn't good.

"He had very severe injuries," Dr. Brourman said. "He had bilateral giant retinal tears that tore half the retina in each eye. It was a very complex case—it wasn't something that you could put a buckle on and get it over with in an hour."

Over the next two days Chavez underwent identical surgeries on each eye at Century City Hospital. The first surgery on his left eye lasted 7½ hours, and the procedure on his right eye took 6½ hours.

According to Dr. Brourman, Chavez had three major procedures performed on each eye. The first was a vitrectomy, which is removal of the gel-like fluid that fills the inner cavity of the eye. Then Chavez had a silicone band, called a scleral buckle, inserted to reattach the retina. Lastly, silicone oil was applied to help heal the retinas. The surgeries were judged a complete success.

"His prognosis is very good," Dr. Brourman said. "His retinas look excellent and are fully attached. It could have been a lot worse. He could have ended up blind in both eyes, or scar tissue could have developed. The worst is very much over."

Indeed. Chavez faces only one more procedure, laser surgery to remove a cataract from his right eye and to correct an astigmatism. With glasses, Chavez will have 20/40 vision in his left eye and as good as 20/30 vision in his right eye.

Though Chavez' story may end happily, he encountered quite a bumpy road on the way. The first obstacle was post-surgical nuisances.

"Because of the oil implants," he recalled, "I was told to keep my head straight down, all the time, for two weeks to let the oil stay down on the retinas. When I was standing up, I had to look down. When I laid down, I had to lay on my stomach, and if I sat down, I had to keep my head down like you do when you rest your head on a desk. After a while, my neck would hurt. The doctor said I could lift my head periodically to rest the neck, but I was scared to do it.

"One time I woke up and I was lying on my back because I had rolled over during the night. I told my doctor about it and he said, 'You're going to do that, but the retinas look good, they're coming along, so keep trying to lay on your stomach.'"

Another problem was the sudden change in lifestyle. As a boxer, Chavez' life was regimented, but full of activity. Morning runs, workouts, sparring, and camaraderie were regular parts of his life. The loss of sight and the inability to box again left Chavez with a lot of free time.

"It was like going at 100 miles per hour

(Continued on page 52)

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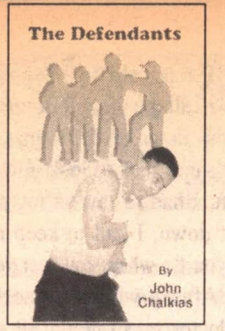

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Chavez

(Continued from page 51)

and then just coming to a complete stop," he said. "I wasn't too paranoid about losing my career. I just wanted to get my eyesight back. But after about six weeks, it really started to get at me because I was stuck in the house, in those four walls. I couldn't drive and I couldn't get around to take a walk. I wanted to work out, I wanted to get back in the gym and get into the contact. And I missed the attention you get as fighter."

Those feelings, and perhaps many others that weren't expressed, pushed Chavez to the brink of suicide. One morning, he went into the bathroom, picked up a gun, and held it to his head. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, his infant son, Johnny Jr., began crying loudly. Chavez put down the gun to tend to his son, and it was then he realized there was much more to life than he had imagined. And it was then that he began to come back emotionally.

Chavez chose not to elaborate on the incident, saying he'd rather put it behind him.

Problems still remained, not the least of which were his mounting medical bills. Although Dr. Brourman made arrangements to have the hospital pay for Chavez' last three surgeries (the removal of both oil implants and his left-eye cataract), Chavez still had to pay for the first two surgeries, and with his main source of income gone, the former boxer had no means of settling the debt.

Enter Ruben Castillo, four-time world title challenger, boxing commentator, and fledgling promoter. Castillo, who lives near Chavez in Covina, was shattered when he received the news of his neighbor's plight.

"When it happened, my heart just fell out," Castillo said. "So I said, 'We've got to do something for him.'"

That something was a star-studded boxing benefit show held outdoors in Azusa's Memorial Park. Castillo had to cancel one of his shows in Denver to fit the event into his schedule, but he certainly didn't mind.

"I started this thing about three months before it happened," he said. "I just started calling up fighters, like Ray Mancini, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Danny Lopez, Frankie Duarte, Albert Davila, Ken Norton, everybody, and they said 'Sure, we'll do it.' Then I got hold of the grandstand people and we had enough to hold 2,500 people. We had a ring with the canopy top, we had ringside seats—just like a Las Vegas show. It was neat."

Castillo also had a lot of corporate help. McDonald's sold hamburgers, and A Taste of Texas, a regional restaurant chain, made $900 for Chavez in two hours. Promoter Bob Arum and Great Western Forum owner Jerry Buss were among the others who contributed to the show, which raised $31,000 for Chavez.

"Paez was a big hit," Castillo said. "I boxed Carbajal, and Mancini was the referee. As I was boxing, Mancini was trying to pull down my trunks, and I turned around and started wailing on him in the corner. It was such a great event."

The next event to help Chavez will be a celebrity golf tournament at Azusa Greens in September. (Castillo hopes to put on a boxing benefit show similar to June's event every year to help boxers who have suffered career-ending injuries.)

Chavez had mixed feelings about the money-raising efforts.

"On one hand, I was thinking, 'I ain't no charity case.' Then I started thinking about it after everybody in my family told me, 'Hey, you've got to do this because there's a lot of people that want to help you. They saw you fight on TV a lot, and they want to help you. So let's talk to them.'

"After I found out that Danny Lopez, who was one of my biggest idols, was going to be there, I thought, *This was going to be the biggest thing Azusa's ever had.* And it was—until the next night, when [Azusa resident] Zack Padilla won the [WBO junior welterweight] title."

Chavez now has enough money to pay his medical bills, and he hopes to soon move into a new home. With his corrective glasses, he can see well enough to drive. He has returned to the City of Hope, a cancer research hospital where he works as an orderly, and he

wants to attend college so he can become a radiologist or technician. He even has his hand back in boxing, training heavyweight Joe Falzone, a longtime friend. And, as a topper, filmmaker and producer Michael Gonzales wants to secure the rights to Chavez' story and make a movie about his life.

When asked whom he'd like to be in the starring role, Chavez said, "I never really thought about that. They'll probably get some no-name to play me because where are they going to find a 5'6" Mexican who can box and act? Maybe they'll get Scott Baio."

Johnny Chavez' sight may have been dimmed, but clearly his sense of humor remains intact. ■

***

Anyone wishing to contribute to the Johnny Chavez Fund can send donations to Helping Hand of Azusa, PO Box 40, Azusa, California 91702.

Lee Groves, a frequent contributor to* THE RING, *is based in Friendly, West Virginia.

Tyson

(Continued from page 29)

left hook wobbles Holyfield, and a straight right drops him to the floor. Just like that. It is the first knockdown of his professional career. He rises at Lane's count of four, and then lifts his gloves in front of his face in anticipation of Tyson's followup attack. There are 13 more punches, eight of which land, and none of which Holyfield responds to. Pinned to the ropes, the champion begins to sink as Lane steps in at the 34-second mark. Holyfield, 26-1 (22), is beaten for the first time. And Tyson, 42-1 (37), is again the heavyweight champion. Just like that.

"He's got all the guts in the world, but I knew he couldn't keep up that pace for 12 rounds," says the winner. "No heavyweight can take my punches for that long."

The wise guys have come full circle: "You can't fight Tyson like that and hope to win. Holyfield has too much heart for his own good."

April 25, 1992: In an effort to determine the division's most deserving contenders, King, Rock Newman, and Dan Duva arrange a title elimination pay-per-view doubleheader featuring Lennox Lewis-Ruddock and Riddick Bowe-Michael Moorer. Lewis and Bowe jump to the front of the narrow pack by scoring impressive second- and fifth-round kayos, respectively.

August 22, 1992: Tyson, 218, makes a voluntary defense, knocking out the rugged but limited Oliver McCall, 222, 19-5 (12), in nine rounds at the Atlantic City Convention Center. McCall, an off-the-board underdog, proves durable but loses every round.

"He was strong—stronger than Evander," says Tyson, 43-1 (38). "But I was able to hit him, and any opponent I can hit ... " He smiles, then giggles.

November 6, 1992: Lewis may appear to be a bit green for Tyson, but King has no trouble hyping the second defense of Iron

(Continued on page 54)

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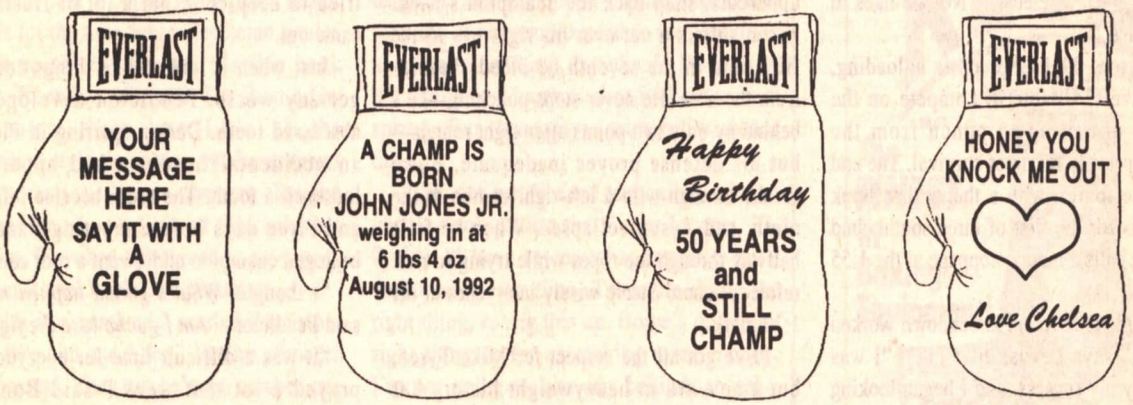

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Tyson

(Continued from page 53)

Mike's second reign. After all, on April 25, Lewis accomplished in two rounds what Tyson had failed to do in 19: floor Ruddock for the count.

"The champ softened up Razor for Lewis," claims Giachetti. "A puff of shave cream would've blown him over."

"If Lennox hits Tyson with that same right hand," counters Lewis' trainer, Pepe Correa, "he goes, too. Look at my fighter's size, his style. It's Buster Douglas all over again. Only Lennox hits much harder than Buster did."

At the Las Vegas Hilton, Tyson, 216, answers the opening bell as a 6-1 favorite. The longshot bettors leap from their seats 45 seconds into round one, when a counter right catches Tyson on the temple and drives him down. It is only a flash knockdown, however, and after referee Joe Cortez' mandatory count, the champion resumes his forward progress.

The eye-opening moment proves to be Lewis' sole highlight. Tyson eats a few jabs, but once he begins to answer Lewis' straight right with a left hook, the British challenger becomes tentative.

"It's happened to so many of Tyson's opponents—Tony Tucker, Tyrell Biggs, Bonecrusher Smith," says analyst Gil Clancy on the pay-per-view telecast. "No one likes to get hit like that."

Once Tyson, 44-1 (39), starts unloading, Lewis unravels. Unable to compete on the inside and unwilling to punch from the outside, his priority becomes survival. The end comes in the fourth, with a thunderous hook felling Lewis for the first of three southbound trips. Cortez calls a mercy stoppage at the 1:55 mark.

"I think the first-round knockdown worked against me," says Lewis, 20-1 (17). "I was impressed by my success, and I began looking to follow up with the perfect shot. I guess I spent too much time looking."

May 3, 1993: According to several observers, Tyson's defense against former Brooklyn neighbor Bowe, held at The Mirage in Las Vegas, is his most important bout since Holyfield.

"His first reign was impressive enough," one of them says, "but regaining the title and then defeating a pair of young and unbeaten contenders like Lewis and Bowe—you're talking lasting greatness and a place with the best heavyweight champions of all-time. Let's say Tyson wasn't around. The title would be split, and Lewis and Bowe are exactly the kind of fighters who would be world champions."

In outslugging Moorer, Bowe showed a world-class heart and chin. Such assets are invaluable against Tyson, but despite "Big Daddy's" flawless record and considerable physical advantages, he answers the opening bell a 4-1 underdog.

"Easiest money since Dallas laying only seven points in the Super Bowl," says Rock Newman, the challenger's brash manager. "And you *know* I've backed up my words with my wallet."

More importantly, Newman has Bowe's fists on his side. In training camp, Eddie Futch, Bowe's trainer, stressed the importance of hammering Tyson with ramrod jabs before trying to score with power rights. Bowe, 237, executes his game plan perfectly, but only for three rounds. By the fourth, the fighters are standing toe to toe, and, miracle of miracles, Bowe is occasionally forcing Tyson to retreat.

"He's an incredible infighter for a guy who stands 6'5"," says per-per-view analyst Al Bernstein. "Whoever thought he'd fight Tyson's fight and still be in there."

Tyson, 218, lands his share of bombs but never looks the winner. Again and again Bowe's looping rights, and especially his uppercuts, snap back the champion's head. Tyson suffers a cut over his right eye in the fifth, and in the seventh he bleeds heavily from the nose. He never stops punching—he's behind by only two points after eight rounds—but his defense proves inadequate. Bowe breaks through with a left-right combo in the ninth, and Tyson collapses. When he falls halfway through the ropes while trying to rise, referee Richard Steele wisely intervenes at the 1:13 mark.

"I've got all the respect for Mike Tyson, but a new era in heavyweight history has begun," says Bowe, 34-0 (30).

"I seriously doubt whether I'll fight again," says Tyson, 44-2 (39). "I've been fighting for eight years as a pro, and that's long enough. If I don't come back, I'm glad I lost the title to another guy from Brooklyn."

October 2, 1993: After an extended vacation, Tyson meets with King to discuss his future. A multimillion-dollar rematch with Bowe is available, but it isn't until King mentions top-rated contender Tommy Morrison that Tyson's eyes widen.

"He still managed by Bill Cayton?" Tyson asks.

"Sure is," answers King. "And believe it or not, I never did throw out Bill's phone number." ■

Pendleton

(Continued from page 31)

sleep, and he had to deal with that on top of everything else," said Bonanni. "But we had to fight with him to slow him down."

"The fight gave me something to concentrate on other than the baby," said Pendleton. "I also had to deal with the guilt of not being with his mother when she really needed me."

Pendleton finally erupted in the gym on the Monday before the fight when a sparring session degenerated into a wild free-for-all.

"Yeah, I got into a brawl at the Top Rank gym," he recalled, chuckling for the first time since the interview began. "One of my sparring partners—I don't know his name—got carried away. I guess he'd watched me work and was afraid of what he saw. You know me, I talk when I work, and he kept swinging after the bell rang. There must have been 10 guys in the ring before it was over. I tried to keep cool, but a lot of frustration came out."

Just when it looked like things couldn't get any worse, Pendleton developed an abscessed tooth. During sparring in Florida, an accidental headbutt had apparently loosened a tooth. The tooth became infected, and three days before meeting Paez, the besieged champion underwent a root canal.

"I thought, *What's gonna happen next?*" said Pendleton. *"Am I gonna lose the fight?"*

"It was a difficult time for everybody; I prayed a lot that week," said Bonanni. "Freddie was very, very angry. He'd waited so long for a championship, waited so long to make some money. Then all this stuff has to happen to him. It was a perfect scenario for disaster, but Freddie was strong enough to overcome it."

Pendleton's strength grew out of his grief. It was a peculiar sort of strength, the kind that helps people survive life's toughest ordeals.

Paez didn't make matters any easier for Pendleton and crew. The former IBF featherweight titlist had slipped considerably since his championship days, thanks partially to lax training habits. But the madcap Mexican, realizing this was probably his last shot at a title, trained diligently and entered the ring in excellent condition.

Knockdowns in the first and fourth rounds helped Pendleton build a big early lead, and despite a gutsy effort and late charge by Paez, the champion retained the title with a unanimous decision *(see "Ringside Reports" on page 46)*. It wasn't a bad night's work under any circumstances, but considering the nightmare Pendleton had endured, it was nothing short of a minor miracle.

"It was for my son," said Pendleton. "I'm dedicating the rest of my career to him. I just focused on that during the fight. I knew that if I didn't keep going, I wouldn't have anything to give his future brothers and sisters."

Still, both Pendleton and his camp know he was far from 100 percent against Paez.

"I was able to concentrate, but I don't think I was all there," Pendleton conceded. "I usually have more fury in a fight, but for this one I lacked my normal intensity. It's really something when you have to fight and don't really have your heart in it. With everything I had to deal with, it was hard to put it all in perspective and go on and fight."

There was no victory party afterward, no celebration, just a collective sigh of relief. Title safe for the time being, Pendleton headed back home to try and put his life back together. When he spoke with THE RING a few weeks later, there was little of the wisecracking style that normally characterizes his conversation. It was obvious that the ordeal had knocked a little of the cockiness out of him. But when talk turned to mandatory challenger Rafael Ruelas, he perked up.

"Ruelas is a numbnut," snarled Pendleton. "I don't like him and I don't like his manager [Dan Goossen]. They say he's the number-one contender. For what? He was number five and suddenly jumped to number one. But I don't care. Just throw him in the ring, and I'll shovel him out."

Though the pain of his son's death will never completely leave him, Pendleton is a tough guy who found a way to battle through the heartbreak. In the long run it can only make him stronger, in the ring and most definitely out. ■

On Deck

(Continued from page 37)

is going to get the shot Moorer can't secure.

"I suffer a little more criticism than your average heavyweight, and that's fine," said Morrison, 37-1 (32). "I enjoy doing things people say I can't do, it's motivation for me. I can't help that I'm white.

"I just needed the chance to let my skills develop a little more. I always have a puncher's chance. You can't pick out a heavyweight that there isn't some question marks about. I'm working each and every day to remove those question marks from my mind. After I beat Lennox, the fight people would want to see is Bowe, and I'll go after it with my mouth hanging wide open."

Like Morrison in his bout vs. Foreman, Moorer changed his style earlier this year. Against Bonecrusher Smith in February, he fought somewhat defensively, as per suggestion from new trainer George Benton. In his last two fights, he registered third-round knockouts of Frankie Swindell and James Pritchard. Moorer says he has just added the basics to his powerful arsenal.

The Bowe-Holyfield rematch will take place almost exactly one year after the original. Moorer doesn't quite understand why the public would want to see Holyfield again (and not him), but should Bowe win, it's probable Moorer's shot will come next spring. But these days, probability means little.

"I'm not just limited to boxing; a lot of people don't realize that," says Moorer, 33-0 (30). "I have to see what happens, but I won't waste my time. Tommy's doing the right thing, eating this up. Bowe's doing the right thing as far as making more money. I'm not going to kiss any behinds to get a fight with him."

***

The waiting continues. Michael Moorer and Tommy Morrison have a lot in common, but their differences are shaping their immediate futures. Morrison will be an underdog when he fights Lewis, but at least his waiting will end. Moorer may get a shot at Bowe in 1994. Until then, his waiting

(Continued on page 56)

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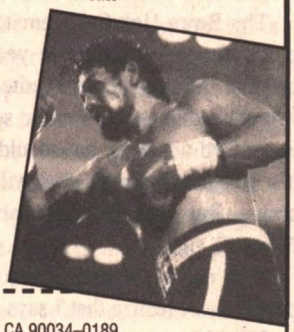

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On Deck

(Continued from page 55)

won't end. It's just the way things work in the heavyweight division. Waiting is in vogue.

"The person with the championship does pretty much what he wants," Morrison says. "Boxing's just not the way it used to be, back with Frazier and Ali. If you were the number-one contender, you got a shot. Now it's more political, money's behind everything. I just want to do what I think I can do, take it as far I can, and walk away from the sport."

We'll just have to wait and see about that. ∎

Pep

(Continued from page 41)

way to the motel. At the self-serve island, a man in his 30s gets out of his truck. Papaleo shouts, "Hey! Do you know who I am?"

The young man freezes; he is thinking. *This is Hall of Fame weekend in Canastota ... ol' gramps just might be an ex-pug, so I better not piss him off and end up getting my butt kicked right here in this gas station.* He cautiously shakes his head.

The old man spins and backpedals as he passes.

"I'm Willie Pep! Featherweight champion of the world!" he shouts as if it's 1943.

The young man looks more confused than ever. Pep throws up his hands. "See?" he laughs. "They've all forgotten me!"

A crowd is gathered at the entrance to the motel. Pep's big four-door sedan, with "W. Pep" Connecticut plates, is parked nearby. From the pack comes a woman with two cameras and three pairs of boxing gloves swinging from her neck. She has not forgotten.

"Here, Willie, sign this!" she demands, shoving a glove and a pen in Pep's face. "On the thumb, Willie, on the thumb!"

Anonymous shouts come from the

(Continued on page 57)

Pep

(Continued from page 56)

crowd. "You're the greatest, Willie! ... I wish you were still fightin'!"

Pep hollers, "Listen. I got a 39-year-old wife. I'm fightin' for my life every day!"

Pep signs the glove, breaks away from the crowd, and makes his way, finally, to the trunk of his car. He pops the lid and leans into its depths before emerging with a single sheet of paper. It is a photocopy of an article by a reporter named Don Riley. Riley witnessed Pep's ring mastery on several occasions and considered "Will O' The Wisp" to be the greatest boxer of all-time. In the piece Pep has pulled from his trunk, Riley records a moment from Pep's career that, to the writer, clinched Pep's place as the greatest.

For some boxers, one special fight will highlight a career. For others more accomplished, a series of fights against a particularly bitter foe will define their place. But Willie Pep was not just a good fighter with a good career, nor an outstanding fighter with an outstanding career. Indeed, he was an *unbelievable* fighter who crafted an *impossible* career—230 wins against only 11 losses, most of which came when Pep was long past his prime. (At one point, his record was 135-1-1.) From such a career there are many moments that Riley could have used to support his argument.

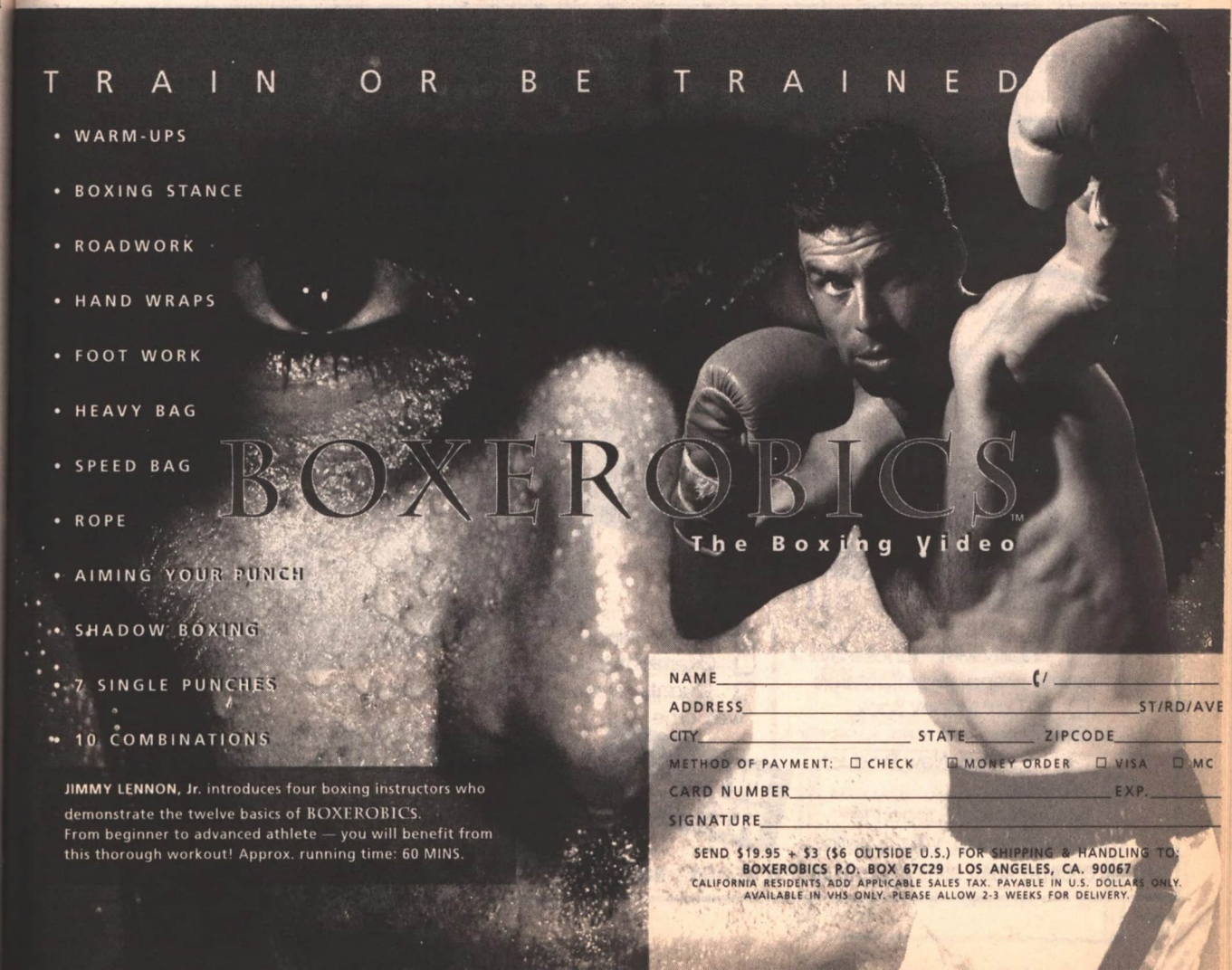
Oddly, the piece of boxing history for which Pep is most remembered is one that Riley would not have written about to illustrate Pep's ring mastery—his infamous rough and tumble four-fight series with Sandy Saddler, a quartet of bouts that incorporated wrestling, thumbing, and many other fouling techniques into the fighters' repertoires. The fights were so rough, even the referee hit the canvas. After bout four, New York State Athletic Commission Chairman Robert Christenberry told the fighters, "You violated every rule in the book." Christenberry revoked Pep's license, suspended Saddler indefinitely, and handed Saddler's manager, Charley Johnston, a 30-day suspension and a $100 fine.

Losing three of four by TKO in a foul-filled series irks Pep to this day. "I had to fight him the way he was fighting me," he says. "But I didn't know how to foul, so when I did it, the whole world saw me."

Pep is also quick to point out that he beat five fighters who defeated Saddler (Jock Leslie, Armand Savoie, Phil Terranova, Paddy DeMarco, and Humberto Sierra). Still, it's hard to salvage much pride from those brawls. Even if Riley had written of the Saddler fights, Pep certainly wouldn't carry the article in the trunk of his car.

But Riley might have written about Pep being named *The Ring's* 1945 Fighter of the Year. It was a year when the likes of Sugar Ray Robinson, Rocky Graziano, Jake LaMotta, and Manuel Ortiz contended for that same honor. A year in which Pep, while being honorably discharged from the

(Continued on page 58)



Pep

(Continued from page 57)

Navy and then inducted into the Army, fought eight bouts without a loss and, with an exciting 15-round decision over Terranova, was the only universally recognized champion to defend a world title. It was a year many fighters would give their left jabs to own.

Or Riley could have written about 20-year-old Willie Pep taking the featherweight title from Chalky Wright and becoming the youngest fighter in 40 years to gain a world championship. "Pep Gives Boxing Lesson To Veteran Wright In Garden," read the headline in *The New York Times*.

Or Riley's story might have been about how Pep was the first featherweight in history to regain the world title; after losing the crown in his first fight with Saddler, he won it back with a brilliant 15-round decision.

Or the writer could have chosen to record Pep's amazing comeback after severe back and leg injuries suffered in a plane crash in January 1947. In spite of the broken bones that made doctors doubt Pep's return to the ring, the featherweight was again winning by June. In August, he defended the title with a 12th-round kayo over Leslie, and he finished the year with four more wins.

"And I never got a dime of insurance money 'cause they said I was fighting better than ever," he recalls.

In fact, Pep's career seems like the combined accomplishments of half-a-dozen great fighters. His life outside the ring has been colorful as well, with one reporter characterizing it as full of "playgirls, wives, slow ponies, and fast dice." Indeed, Pep's many stories, feats, and accomplishments gave Riley a lot of material to choose from. But of all those 29 years in the ring, Riley wrote about a mere three minutes—just one round of the nearly 2,000 Pep fought in his lifetime.

From the trunk of his car, Pep has recovered the story of the round he won without throwing a punch.

On the night of July 25, 1946, Pep faced powerpuncher Jackie Graves in a non-title bout in his opponent's hometown of Minneapolis. Just a month prior, Pep had defended the title with a devastating 12th-round stoppage of tough Sal Bartolo that sent the Boston featherweight to the hospital to have his fractured jaw wired shut. After the victory over Bartolo, Pep was called the best featherweight since the peak of Henry Armstrong. So on this summer night in Minneapolis, he could well be at the peak of his awesome ring prowess. Still, local fighter Graves, "The Austin Assassin," was a dangerous hitter and not to be taken lightly.

However, on the afternoon of the fight, Pep cockily confided to local scribe Riley, "Let's have some fun, Don. Tell you what. I won't throw a punch in the third round. See how I come out."

Riley viewed Pep's audacity as

(Continued on page 59)

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Pep

(Continued from page 58)

blasphemy and anticipated doom for the fighter. Understandably so: Three minutes in the ring is long enough, but three minutes using only defense might as well be a lifetime. Think of modern fighters who have been considered elusive ... Sugar Ray Leonard's speed enabled him to frustrate many good fighters, but he probably never went punchless for more than 30 seconds at a stretch ... Ali had his rope-a-dope, but even "The Greatest" uncovered to throw a poke at the dope every few seconds. To go a full three minutes without offense requires a unique level of skill. Or insanity. Pep apparently had enough of each to think he could do it.

For the first two rounds Pep gave Graves a boxing lesson. Then came the third, and Pep put on a defensive display that had never been seen before. He danced. He feinted with both hands and his head. He slipped punches and blocked them. He tied up Graves and spun behind him.

"The guy even fell down a couple of times," recalls Pep.

As Riley wrote, "He made even Sugar Ray Robinson's fluidity look like cement hardening. Never has boxing seen such perfection." Had Hammer been in the crowd, he would have known the true meaning of "Can't touch this" and felt like a clog dancer on a ballet stage.

Pep continued his humiliation of Graves for the rest of round three—all without firing a punch—and then went on to score a kayo in the eighth. After the fight, Riley checked the judges' cards. All three scored the third round for Pep. None seemed to care or notice that he never fired a shot. (Fortunately, the ESPN crowd and their handy punchcounter were not ringside.)

That punchless round was a singular moment in ring history. Pep was probably the only fighter defensively skillled enough to even consider trying it, let alone pulling it off. Riley concluded it would have been comparable to "Jesse Owens winning the Olympics with a broken ankle ... that was greatness. Willie Pep was the greatest."

While there would be much debate with Riley's conclusion that Pep was the greatest fighter of all-time, there'd be a bit less contention with the opinion that Pep was boxing's finest defensive tactician. Those who saw him fight consider him the consummate defensive fighter, one who possessed equal mastery of footwork, parrying, blocking, slipping, and every other defensive trick. Pep was also blessed with lightning speed and natural boxing talent.

But ask Pep today why he was so hard to hit and he jokes, "Aw, I wasn't defensive. I could run like hell. I moved like a sonofabitch."

Even in more serious moments he dodges the defensive fighter label as he would a sloppy jab. Pep believes a major part of not getting hit lies in regularly hitting your opponent. In other words, a good offense is the best defense.

"If you're a good boxer, you're a good defensive fighter," he says. "I used to jab and move around a lot. I made you miss."

But for Pep, patience was also a virtue.

"I fought 160 10-round fights and I was happy to win them by decision," he said. "I outboxed you. I wasn't real aggressive, always trying to knock your head off. When you gamble, sometimes you get hit and sometimes you don't. I didn't gamble."

But there have been many cautious fighters who've met with far less success than Pep. He also credits his career-long manager, Lou Viscusi, with clever matchmaking, and his career-long trainer, Bill Gore, with making sure he was ready for every fight.

"If I missed a few days in the gym, my trainer would tell my manager, and they wouldn't let me fight," he recalls.

While he is reluctant to criticize anyone who steps into the ring, Pep feels today's fighters lack some of the skills owned by boxers of his era. He blames a scarcity of high-quality trainers.

"Fighters are the same as they've always been," he explains. "The only difference today is the money. But without good trainers, fighters don't learn how to box."

Is there anyone he likes among today's crop?

"Buddy McGirt is a hell of a fighter," he says.

But how long would he last without throwing any leather?

***

Willie Pep sits in a corner of the Canastota High School gymnasium bleachers. It's been a long day signing autographs and answering questions. He looks tired, finally showing his 70 years. But somehow he has managed to sneak into this spot without being mauled by autograph hounds. Maybe some of that magic remains. Maybe Will O' The Wisp can still make people miss.

Meanwhile, in the ring at the center of the gym, Gene Fullmer and Buddy McGirt wear oversized gloves and act out a weird pantomime. It is surreal; the old middleweight and the young welterweight slap each other with big red pillows. But the fans love it.

Elsewhere in the gym, Marvelous Marvin Hagler, who'll be inducted Sunday afternoon, and Kenny Norton, already a Hall of Famer, are mobbed at every turn. But Gugliermo Papaleo sits unnoticed in the stands, looking like any other grandfather.

Maybe he is right after all. Maybe they have forgotten him. Indeed, they seem to have forgotten what he looks like—even on induction weekend in Canastota.

(Continued on page 60)

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Pep

(Continued from page 59)

If they need to be reminded, they can drive two minutes down the street and take a stroll through the Hall of Fame. They can take a gander at *The Ring Record Book* and marvel at those 230 wins. They can talk to anyone who knows boxing. Or they can read a story by a guy named Riley. ■

Karl Swisher is a freelance writer based in Rome, New York.

Dunkhorst

(Continued from page 43)

bit, so much the better.

Alas, as far as skill was concerned, Dunkhorst never grew out of the pygmy class. He bowled over several second-raters like himself, but it was mostly on account of his tremendous weight advantage, sometimes as much as 100 pounds. On April 12, 1897, Big Ed managed to hold the once-awesome Jim Hall to a 15-round draw, but by then Australia's Hall was thoroughly marinated in booze and often saw three opponents in front of him.

There was one occasion when The Human Freight Car half-succeeded at jumping the rails along which he inexorably chugged, and showed a flash of the science Ryan tried so hard to pound into him.

" ... The crowd was about as much surprised at seeing Dunk sidestep and duck and feint when the first round opened as it would have been to see an elephant doing a jig," noted one newspaper account after Dunkhorst's win by knockout in 1899 over George Lawler (who might have been Charles Lawler, who was well known for taking his brother's name in a losing cause).

But such lithe moments were rare in the career of the Godzilla of the prize ring. Dunkhorst's real talent was for taking a pounding, which he did from the likes of heavyweight contenders Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher. (The latter fight ended with Dunkhorst holding the right hand with which Maher had belabored him for eight rounds in a vice-like grip under his arm. The referee was given no choice but to award the fight to the Irishman on a foul.) This ability also put him in demand as a sparring partner, and it was in that capacity that The Human Freight Car carved out his niche as one of boxing's great characters.

"He was covered with layers of fat that made him like a punching mattress," wrote James J. Jeffries. "But he was strong and game and could put up a good fight ... He could take a lot of pounding and could hit pretty hard himself."

Big Jeff was heavyweight champion of the world in 1900, and was training to defend the title against former king James J. Corbett when Dunkhorst joined the

(Continued on page 61)

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Dunkhorst

(Continued from page 60)

champion's training camp at Allenhurst, New Jersey.

Big Ed was brought in by Ryan, who was working with the champion himself. In no time, Dunkhorst's size and slow-wittedness made him the butt of the camp's practical jokes. And hardest on him was his mentor. Ryan and Dunkhorst used to play croquet on a court set up next to the cottage in which the fighters lived. They bet a quarter per game, and Dunkhorst was as good at croquet as he was at boxing.

One day Ryan had won $1.25, and Dunkhorst had only one quarter left. Lining up a shot, Ryan touched the croquet ball with his mallet, moving it an inch or so. "Foul!" bellowed Dunkhorst, claiming the match. But Jeffries, acting as referee, ruled in favor of Ryan, whereupon Big Ed refused to continue the game.

Ryan was a good eight inches shorter and a least 100 pounds lighter than The Human Freight Car, but as a fighter, the middleweight champion was worth 10 Dunkhorsts. Jeffries would later write of him, "There wasn't much good in [Ryan], except the way he could fight."

"You big quitter!" Ryan yelled at his hulking protege, and with that he reached up and whacked Dunkhorst in the face with his mallet.

Big Ed's nose bled severely, but he was tough, and the next day he decided he would show the whole camp he was not to be trifled with, so he roughed up the heavyweight champion in their sparring session. Jeffries was forced to knock him down to bring Dunkhorst back to his senses.

When Ryan upbraided the champion for hitting Dunkhorst so hard, Jeffries said that was some criticism coming from the man who'd hit Big Ed in the nose with a croquet mallet.

"I know," answered Ryan, "but you might have hurt your hand."

While at Allenhurst, Dunkhorst was signed to fight Bob Fitzsimmons, the middleweight champion who'd gone on to knock out Corbett for the heavyweight title in 1897, and then lose to Jeffries two years later. The fight was on April 30, 1900, and the Human Freight Car stepped into the ring weighing close to 300 pounds, thanks to his nightly training camp dessert of a gallon of ice cream.

Spindly as ever, the 5'11" Fitzsimmons weighed just 165 pounds, and some in the Brooklyn, New York, audience actually feared for the smaller man's safety. Their concern seemed to be shared by the former champion, who spent most of the first round sprinting around the ring with The Human Freight Car in lumbering pursuit.

"Before the round had gone a full minute, the two fighters were almost obscured by the clouds of resin dust that was on the floor," Jim Corbett would later recollect.

Emboldened by Fitz' circular flight, Dunkhorst several times stopped chasing him and demanded that the "freckle-faced coward" stand up to him like a man. The bell rang without a single punch having been thrown by Fitzsimmons, and Dunkhorst went to his corner determined to trap his man and squash him.

"He was easy to fool," Fitz would later say. Not fooled at all was Jeffries, who'd remained behind at Allenhurst. The champion was sitting outside his cottage with his brother Jack and Tommy Ryan at 10 p.m., when the fight was scheduled to start. Five minutes later, when a large horse-drawn farm wagon clattering over a nearby bridge caused a racket like a building caving in, Jeffries cringed and said, "Oh, there goes Dunk! Fitz has dropped him!"

In fact, at almost that exact moment—or at 2:25 of the second round—Fitzsimmons stopped running, turned toward the onrushing Dunkhorst, and threw a right hand. The Human Freight Car ran right into it and was derailed for almost a half-hour.

While the fight itself didn't go down in boxing history, Fitzsimmons' postfight quote certainly did: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

For all the abuse dished out to him in his career, boxing's fall guy did manage to sting his tormentors on at least two occasions, although not in the ring. It's

(Continued on page 64)

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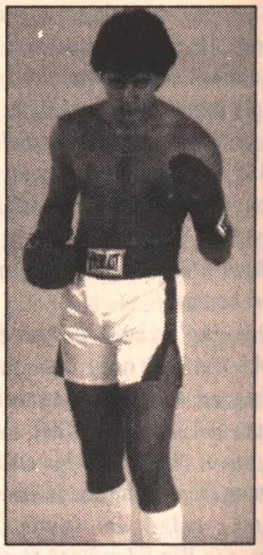

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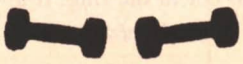

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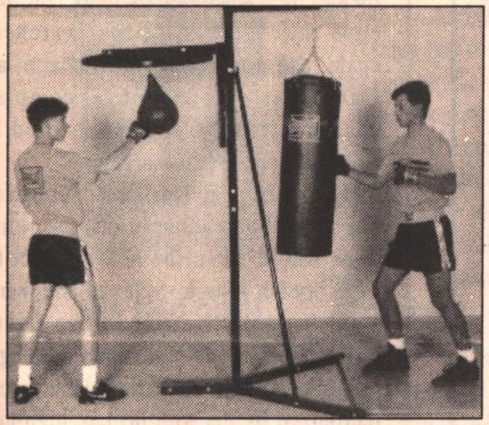

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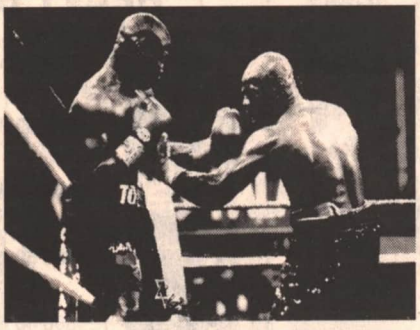

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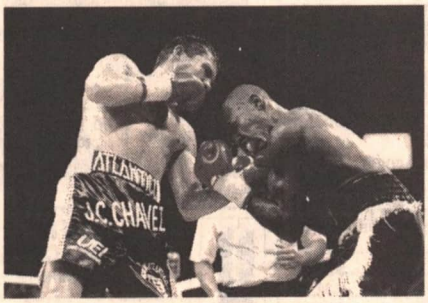

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Dunkhorst

(Continued from page 61)

not hard to imagine the dour Jeffries' reaction when, while appearing at a theater in Cleveland in 1902, the local cops relieved him of two watches, a chain, and a diamond watch charm, after Dunkhorst swore out a complaint charging that the champion owed him $130 for "professional services."

But Jeffries got off easy compared to Corbett. "Pompadour Jim," the refined dude who'd taken the heavyweight title from brutish John L. Sullivan and thereby singlehandedly launched prize fighting into a kinder, gentler era, was training for a fight at a Lakewood, New Jersey, resort patronized by the well-heeled, high-toned element to which the former bank clerk aspired. One day he took a break from training to accept an invitation to go for a carriage ride with Isidor Straus, of the well-known Abraham and Straus department store, and some of his elegant associates. One of them was a lovely young woman who gushed to Corbett, "You know, Mr. Corbett, until I had met you I always believed that prize fighting of course was brutal."

The suave boxer assured her that pugilism was "a game of skill and endurance ... an art," and lamented that "a lot of people have the wrong idea of fighting. We fight. It's in a sense brutal, yes. The impetus of fists against flesh. But really, fighters and men in the pugilistic game are gentlemen, actually."

As the pretty lady swooned, alongside the carriage chugged none other than The Human Freight Car, out for his morning roadwork. As Corbett himself later told the story to writer Gene Fowler, Dunkhorst looked up, saw Corbett, "who was busy giving this discourse on the gentlemanly aspects of pugilism to his newly found lady friend," and shouted so all could hear, "Well, you dirty son-of-a-bitch! There you are, up there with all them swell pricks, an' here I am down here runnin' my ass off!" ∎

Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to* THE RING, *is based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

Boxing Collector's Notebook

By Don Scott

It has been said the difference between a boxing historian and a boxing book collector is that the historian actually reads the books. In actuality, most of us *intend* to read all of them, right?

Boxing has the richest literature of all sports. But before you spend another dime on an old book, what should you read? What should you collect? And what does the novice look for?

A few general rules: Books with their dust jackets are more valuable than those without—usually about 20-30 percent more. (I take the nicest jackets off the books and store them separately.) Secondly, condition of the binding and contents *do* matter, and any book which has been in a public library is worth much less. Such volumes are generally noted in ads as "ex-library."

Lastly, know if what you have is rare, and be especially careful handling such books. In other words, do not take *Pugilistica* to the beach.

Here are some books you might read *and* collect since they are fairly rare and are highly sought-after.

Title	Author	Approximate Cost
Boxiana (5-vol. set)	Egan	$900-1,900
Pugilistica (3-vol. set)	Miles	$300-400
Black Dynamite (5-vol. set)	Fleischer	$350-500
Two-Fisted Jeff	Fullerton	$350-500
Ruby Robert	Davis	$50-90
The Champ Nobody Wanted	Young	$200-400
Give Him To The Angels	Fair	$60-100
The Roar Of The Crowd	Corbett	$30-60
Black Prince Peter	Hales	$300-400
The Michigan Assassin	Fleischer	$75-150
The Life And Battles Of Jack Dempsey	Fox	$200-250
The Life And Battles Of John C. Heenan	Fox	$200-250
Bad Nigger	Gilmore	$40-80
The Life, Battles, And Career Of Battling Nelson	Nelson	$100-200
Relief To Royalty	Lud	$100-200

(Prices are for hard-cover versions without dust jacket)

Here are my favorite books. All can be found for less than $30.

The Sweet Science, by A.J. Liebling: The top choice of almost everyone I've talked to. An exquisite experience for a fight fan.

Ten And Out: A chronology you can live with. While there are a few minor factual errors, it's an easy read and covers almost everything.

The Legendary Champions, by Rex Lardner: A fairly in-depth look at the heavyweight heroes through Tunney. Includes some rare photos.

A Pictorial History Of Boxing, by Sam Andre and Nat Fleischer; *The Encyclopedia Of Boxing*, by Gilbert Odd: Both books make for great reference. The former whisks you through the sport in words and pictures. The latter includes biographies with rare tidbits of information.

Black Champion, by Finis Farr: Farr does what Johnson couldn't do in his autobiography—put the heavyweight champion in perspective without losing sight of the man.

White Hopes And Other Tigers, by John Lardner: Farr and Lardner, back to back, makes for a great reading experience. ■

Don Scott is editor and publisher of Boxing Collector's News. He can be reached through THE RING.

Worldwide Ratings

WBC
as of July

WBA
as of June

IBF
as of August

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	C	–	–
Riddick Bowe (USA)	–	C	C
Evander Holyfield (USA)	1	2	3
Tony Tucker (USA)	2	4	4
Oliver McCall (USA)	3	3	2
Michael Moorer (USA)	4	1	1
Frank Bruno (GB)	5	5	5
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	6	10	–
Alex Stewart (JAM)	7	11	12
Lionel Butler (USA)	8	–	–
Alex Garcia (USA)	9	9	–
Joe Hipp (USA)	10	–	–
Alex Miroshinichenko (CIS)	19	6	–
Mike Dixon (USA)	24	7	–
Herbie Hide (GB)	–	8	8
George Foreman (USA)	–	–	6
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	–	7
Corrie Sanders (SA)	18	12	9
Greg Page (USA)	11	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Bobby Czyz (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Akim Tafer (FRA)	1	3	6
Orlin Norris (USA)	2	1	1
Nate Miller (USA)	3	5	2
Arthur Williams (USA)	4	4	4
Marcelo Figueroa (ARG)	5	2	5
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	6	11	–
Robert Daniels (USA)	7	7	10
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	8	6	8
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	9	–	–
Richard Mason (USA)	10	–	9
James Warring (USA)	13	8	–
Kenny Keene (USA)	12	9	–
Frans Botha (SA)	–	10	–
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	3
Jade Scott (USA)	14	–	7

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Randall Yonker (USA)	1	7	–
Frank Tate (USA)	2	1	4
Mike McCallum (JAM)	3	–	9
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	4	–	1
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	5	–	–
David Vedder (USA)	6	–	–
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	7	10	2
Charles Williams (USA)	8	11	3
Egerton Marcus (CAN)	9	12	7
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	10	3	–
Wan Sub Lee (KOR)	12	2	–
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	15	4	10
Victor Cordoba (PAN)	–	5	–
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	11	6	11
Crawford Ashley (GB)	13	8	–
Isaias Lucero (MEX)	25	9	–
Iran Barkley (USA)	–	–	5
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	–	6
Darius Michaelczewski (POL)	18	–	8

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	C	–
James Toney (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	7	6
Tim Littles (USA)	2	1	2
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	3	5	
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	4	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	5	2	7
Tony Thornton (USA)	6	12	3
Tony Byrd (USA)	7	–	5
Thulane Malinga (SA)	8	–	–
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	9	4	11
Ray Close (GB)	10	–	9
Antoine Byrd (USA)	–	3	–
Iran Barkley (USA)	–	6	–
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	30	8	–
Fidel Castro Smith (GB)	12	9	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	28	10	8
Steve Little (USA)	18	–	4
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	17	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gerald McClellan (USA)	C	–	–
Reggie Johnson (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Lamar Parks (USA)	1	2	2a
Julian Jackson (VI)	2	–	5
Thomas Tate (USA)	3	–	2b
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	4	–	–
Steve Collins (IRE)	5	4	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	6	10	9
Frank Grant (GB)	7	–	6
Jay Bell (USA)	8	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	9	–	–
Roberto Duran (PAN)	10	–	–
John David Jackson (USA)	–	1	–
Joe Gatti (USA)	–	3	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	5	10
Mike McCallum (JAM)	–	6	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	13	7	3
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	19	8	–
Francesco Dell'Aquila (ITA)	12	9	–
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	–	–	4
Manuel Medina (SPA)	–	–	7
Charles Brewer (USA)	27	–	8

IBF NUMBER ONE TO BE DETERMINED

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	C	–
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	–	–	C
Simon Brown (USA)	1	5	–
Aaron Davis (USA)	2	1	6
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	3	4	5
Carl Daniels (USA)	4	6	2
Vernon Phillips (USA)	5	8	12
Vincent Pettway (USA)	6	9	1
Lupe Aquino (USA)	7	–	10
Stephen Martinez (USA)	8	–	–
Joe Gatti (CAN)	9	–	–
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	10	3	–
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	11	2	–
Curtis Summit (USA)	–	7	4
Ronald Wright (USA)	19	10	11
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	15	–	3
Gilberto Barreto (COL)	–	–	7
Julio C. Green (USA)	–	–	8
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	12	–	9

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Santos Cardona (PR)	1	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	2	1	7
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	3	2	2
James McGirt (USA)	4	9	6
Jung Oh Park (KOR)	5	3	–
Larry Barnes (USA)	6	–	5
Gary Jacobs (GB)	7	4	–
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	8	5	10
Pat Barrett (GB)	9	–	–
David Gonzalez (USA)	10	–	8
Kevin Pompey (USA)	17	6	3
Luis Garcia (VEN)	19	7	1
Miguel Gonzalez (MEX)	–	8	–

Freddy Ladd (USA)	–	10	–
Stephan Johnson (USA)	–	–	4
Maurice Blocker (USA)	–	–	9

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	–	–
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	–	C	–
Charles Murray (USA)	–	–	C
Frankie Randall (USA)	1	2	2b
Valery Kayumba (ZAI)	2	1	–
Terrence Alli (USA)	3	6	–
David Kamau (USA)	4	–	–
Kostya Tszyu (CIS)	5	–	4
Andy Holligan (GB)	6	8	3
Hector Lopez (MEX)	7	–	–
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	8	–	6
Vincent Phillips (USA)	9	–	–
Greg Haugen (USA)	10	–	–
Loreto Garza (USA)	19	3	–
Morris East (PHIL)	–	4	–
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	–	5	–
Eder Gonzalez (COL)	–	7	–
Jose Barroza (VEN)	–	9	–
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	10	–
Rafael Pineda (COL)	–	–	2a
Rodney Moore (USA)	21	–	5
Angel Hernandez (PR)	11	–	7
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	8
Roger Mayweather (USA)	22	–	9
Ray Oliveira (USA)	–	–	10

IBF NUMBER ONE TO BE DETERMINED

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	–
Dingaan Thobela (SA)	–	C	–
Fred Pendleton (USA)	–	–	C
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	1	5	1
Leavander Johnson (USA)	2	–	4
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	3	3	7
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	4	6	3
Nazarov Olzubek (CIS)	5	1	–
Wilfrido Rocha (COL)	6	–	–
Chad Broussard (USA)	7	10	–
Miguel Julio (COL)	8	8	2
David Sample (USA)	9	–	–
Darryll Tyson (USA)	10	12	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	11	2	8
Tony Lopez (USA)	20	4	–
Fabian Tejeda (ARG)	18	7	–
Jorge Paez (MEX)	23	9	–
Eduardo Molina (COL)	22	–	5
Orlando Marimon (COL)	–	–	6
Mike Evgen (USA)	–	–	9
Carl Griffith (USA)	12	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	–	–
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	–	C	–
John-John Molina (PR)	–	–	C
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	1	3	5
Calvin Grove (USA)	2	–	4
Renato Cornett (AUSTRL)	3	4	7
Jacobin Yoma (FRA)	4	10	10
Regilio Tuur (HOLL)	5	–	11
Jimmy Garcia (COL)	6	–	–
Tiger Ari (PHIL)	7	8	–
Ed Hopson (USA)	8	–	9
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	9	9	6
November Ntshingila (SA)	10	–	–
Harold Warren (USA)	–	1	–
Jesus Gutierrez (PAN)	28	2	–
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	11	5	–
Marcos Guevara (VEN)	21	6	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	–	7	–
Bernard Taylor (USA)	–	–	1
Wilson Rodriguez (SPA)	–	11	2
Moises Pedroza (COL)	–	–	3
Eugene Speed (USA)	13	–	8

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gregorio Vargas (MEX)	C	–	–
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Kevin Kelley (USA)	1	1	1
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	2	–	–
James Leija (USA)	3	6	8
Jose Vida Ramos (DR)	4	–	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	5	–	7
Seiji Asakawa (JAP)	6	7	–
Iver Beleno (COL)	7	3	5
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	8	4	–
Chris Saguid (PHIL)	9	–	–
Francisco Segura (USA)	10	–	4
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	–	2	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	5	2
Chris Saguid (PHI)	–	8	–
Tae Sik Chun (KOR)	–	9	–
Carlos Uribe (CHILE)	–	10	–
Baby Sugar Rojas (COL)	–	–	3
Harold Warren (USA)	–	–	6
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	–	–	9
Tony Green (USA)	14	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Tracy Patterson (USA)	C	–	–
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	–	C	–
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	–	–	C
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	1	–	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	2	7	1
Cesar Soto (MEX)	3	–	4
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	–	3
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	5	4	–
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	6	1	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	7	9	2
Freddy Cruz (DR)	8	–	–
Jose Garcia (DR)	9	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	10	–	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	29	2	–
Hiroaki Yokota (JAP)	15	3	–
Luis Mendoza (COL)	11	5	11
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	6	–
Arnulfo Romero (PAN)	28	8	–
Rudy Zavala (USA)	25	10	9
Nurhuda (INDO)	30	–	5
Cesar Polanco (DR)	18	–	6
Maui Diaz (USA)	12	–	7
Jose Rincones (VEN)	–	11	8
Richard Duran (USA)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jung Il Byun (KOR)	C	–	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	IC	–	–
Eliecer Julio (COL)	–	C	–
Orlando Canizales (USA)	–	–	C
Junior Jones (USA)	1	1	1
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	2	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	3	2	–
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	4	4	–
Eddie Cook (USA)	5	3	5
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	6	5	12
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	7	–	–
Francisco Alvarez (COL)	8	–	–
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	9	–	–
Dong Choon Lee (KOR)	10	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	6	–
Alfred Kotey (GHA)	–	7	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	29	8	8
Jesus Sarabia (USA)	16	9	–
Ricardo Vargas (MEX)	14	10	4
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	2
Harold Mestre (COL)	20	11	3
Clarence Adams (USA)	27	–	6
Lauren Ramirez (SPA)	–	–	7
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	–	–	9
Derrick Whiteboy (SA)	–	–	10

TATSUYOSHI IS THE WBC INTERIM CHAMPION

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	–	–
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	–	C	–
Julio Borboa (MEX)	–	–	C
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	1	1	–
Marco A. Barrera (MEX)	2	–	8
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	3	–	–
Armando Salazar (MEX)	4	–	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	5	–	–
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	6	10	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	7	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	8	–	–
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	9	–	–
Cuauhtemoc Gomez (MEX)	10	4	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	17	2	–
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	14	3	–
Ernesto Briceno (VEN)	–	5	–
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	–	6	–
Lamhot Simamora (INDO)	21	7	–
Jerry Penalosa (PHIL)	13	8	–
Ivan Morales (PR)	–	9	–
Carlos Mercado (COL)	–	–	1
San Sor Pleonchit (THAI)	–	–	2
Joel Luna (MEX)	–	12	3
Harold Gray (COL)	–	–	4
Robert Quiroga (USA)	23	–	5
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	–	–	6
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	–	–	7
John Johnson (USA)	26	–	9
Little Guns Pumar (PHIL)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (CIS)	C	–	–
David Griman (VEN)	–	C	–
Phichit Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	–	C
Hugo Soto (ARG)	1	–	–
Alberto Jimenez (MEX)	2	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	–	9
Alfred Kotey (GHA)	4	–	12
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	5	–	–
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	6	–	3
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	7	–	–
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	8	–	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	9	–	8
Scotty Olson (USA)	10	–	2
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	13	1	–
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	–	2	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	3	–
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	–	4	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	–	5	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	24	6	–
Jae Kwon Chang (KOR)	27	7	–
San Sor Pleonchit (THAI)	11	8	–
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	–	9	1
Jose Bonilla (VEN)	–	10	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	30	–	4
Arthur Johnson (USA)	–	–	5
Miguel Martinez (MEX)	15	–	6
Robbie Regan (GB)	14	12	7
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	10

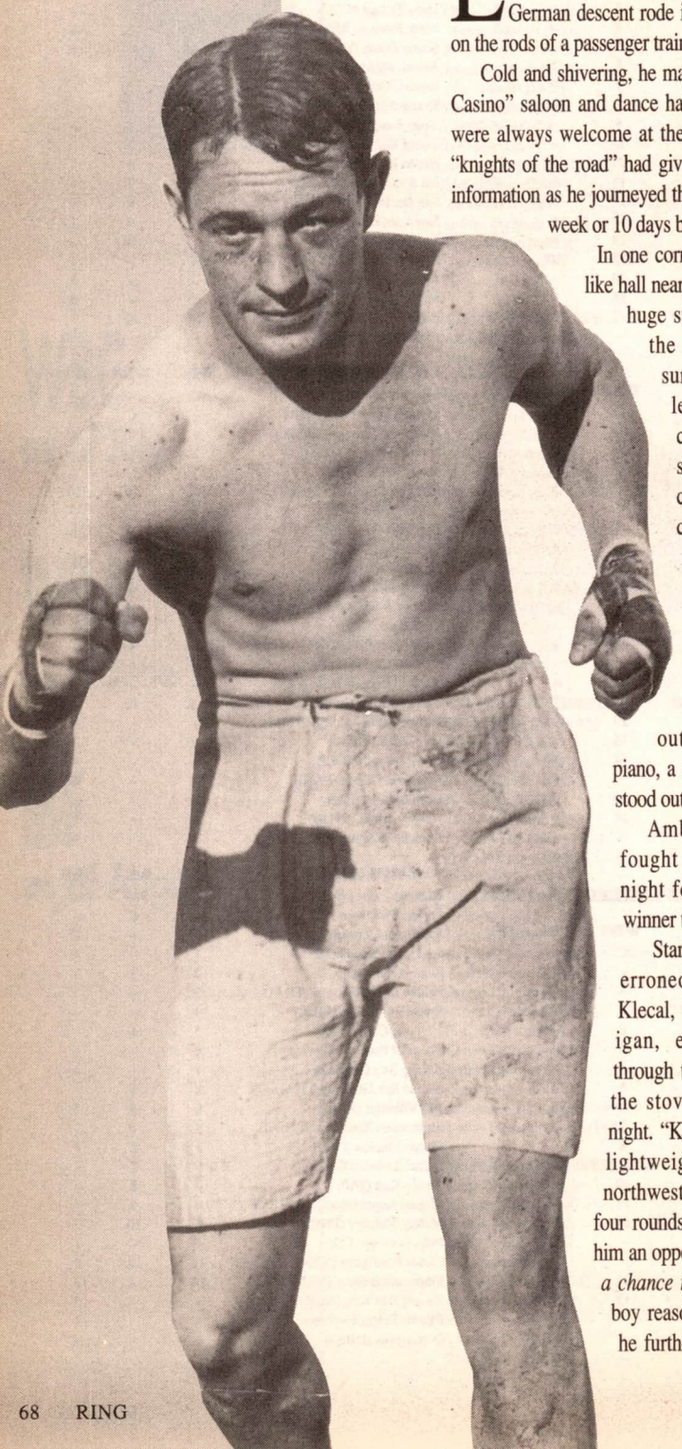
LIGHT FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Michael Carbajal (USA)	C	–	C
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	–	C	–
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	1	8	5
Javier Varguez (MEX)	2	–	–
Jesus Chong (MEX)	3	11	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	4	12	10
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	5	3	11
Domingo Sosa (DR)	6	9	–
Raul Rios (MEX)	7	–	–
Juan Torres (PAN)	8	1	1
Kwang Sun Kim (KOR)	9	6	–
Narciso Rodriguez (DR)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	23	2	–
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	–	4	–
Virgilio Chifundo (PAN)	15	5	–
Yuichi Hosono (JAP)	–	7	–
Yung Jin Kim (KOR)	19	10	–
Fahlan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	–	–	2
Eric Griffin (USA)	–	–	3
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	–	–	4
Robinson Cuesta (PAN)	–	–	6
Leon Salazar (PAN)	–	–	7
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	–	–	8
Pronchai Sithpraporom (THAI)	–	–	9

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	–	–	C
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	1	–	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	2	3	–
Fahlan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	3	4	–
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	4	–	–
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	5	1	–
Toto Pol Polgsawang (THAI)	6	–	–
Kwang Soo Oh (KOR)	7	–	–
Saman Sor Jaturong (THAI)	8	5	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	9	6	5
Singprasert Kittikasem (THAI)	10	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	2	9
Rafael Torres (DR)	–	7	4
Jin Ho Kim (JAP)	–	8	–
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	–	9	–
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	12	10	7
Felix Naranjo (COL)	–	–	1
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	11	12	2
Marcelino Bolivar (VEN)	14	–	3
Kwang Sun Kim (KOR)	–	–	6
Ekawit Singhchatchawal (THAI)	–	–	8
Dominggus (INDO)	18	–	10

STANLEY KETCHEL: *The Michigan Assassin*

By Webb Kyle

From THE RING, March 1937



RING CLASSIC

Late in the autumn of 1903, a slim, hungry, 16-year-old boy of mixed Polish and German descent rode into Butte, Montana, on the rods of a passenger train.

Cold and shivering, he made haste to the "Big Casino" saloon and dance hall. Boys of the road were always welcome at the Big Casino. Other "knights of the road" had given him that advance information as he journeyed through the Dakotas a week or 10 days before.

In one corner of the big, barn-like hall near the end of the bar, a huge stove that heated up the entire place was surrounded by homeless derelicts, stretched on the floor, sound asleep. In the center of the hall, completely surrounded by hilarious miners and "painted ladies," dancing to the music of a one-man orchestra thumped out of an old, faded piano, a regulation prize ring stood out conspicuously.

Ambitious youngsters fought in this ring every night for a purse of $5—winner take all.

Stanislaus Kaicel (often erroneously quoted as Klecal, or Kiecal) of Michigan, elbowed his way through the motley crowd to the stove. This was a big night. "Kid Tracey," the best lightweight prospect in the northwest, was billed to box four rounds—if they could find him an opponent. *Here might be a chance to eat,* the Michigan boy reasoned. *Even if I lose,* he further reasoned, *I won't be any worse off than I am right now. If I win,* he reflected, glancing at the band of God-forgotten indigents sleeping on the floor, *us boys will all eat.*

He let the hangers-on around the place know of his desires to try conclusions with the local champion. His wish was soon fulfilled. Within 10 minutes after making his first utterance about boxing Tracey, Stanislaus Kaicel, wearing an old pair of boxing trunks, climbed into the ring and was introduced to the crowd. The bell rang, and in less than two minutes of the most savage slugging ever witnessed in that ring, the referee, who had ideas of his own about Americanizing names to make them suitable ring *nom de plumes,* announced to the crowd that "Kid" Ketchel was the winner by a knockout. And Kid Ketchel he remained as long as he boxed around Butte—the same Kid who in later years was known in pugilistic circles as Stanley Ketchel.

***

During the next 15 months, Ketchel fought 14 bouts in that same ring, winning 11 by knockout, losing two decisions, and boxing one 21-round draw.

Early in 1906, Ketchel, believing himself to be capable of measuring punches with the best of them, made his first journey to California. In Redding, he met and knocked out Mike McClure, a very promising middleweight many of the California boxing fans regarded as a coming champion. In San Francisco, then the "big time" boxing center of the world, Ketchel was unable to gain recognition as a main eventer. He had never fought anything but a main event in his entire career and would not accept a preliminary.

Then only a welterweight, he begged promoters to get him any middleweight in the world. Even "Sunny" Jim Coffrath, considered by many the smartest boxing critic in the world, could not see any great possibilities in Ketchel, as he watched him go through his training bouts wearing

Ketchel was born in this house in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on September 14, 1887. As a teenager, he headed west and began boxing in saloons and dance halls.

big, pillow-like gloves on his hands. Returning to Montana, he won another half-dozen bouts by knockout in the next few months.

Late in 1906, Ketchel, becoming dissatisfied with the small purses boxers received in the Northwest, said farewell to Montana and went to Nevada. The big purses champions and challengers were pulling down in the desert state, and the colorful stories told about the gay night life in the wild mining towns there, acted as the lure that helped him to make this decision.

In Goldfield and Tonopah, then the stomping ground of such notable celebrities as the immortal two-gun Wyatt Earp, the colorful "Tex" Rickard, the glamorous Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, and "Kid" Herman, Ketchel found that his Montana reputation availed him nothing. Though many of his most important bouts in the Northwest had been widely publicized in the isolated mining towns where they had been staged, Associated Press and Universal News dispatches had never flashed his name over the wires to the American sport public.

Promoter Tex Rickard—and the rest of the outside world—had never heard about Kid Ketchel and his many brilliant ring victories. The cool, calculating Rickard, with his immense knowledge of showmanship, used only the very elite in boxing talent. He politely told the kid from the Northwest to go out and get a reputation for himself.

***

Heartbroken, Ketchel quit the boxing game and got a job as a waiter—and bouncer—in a dance hall cafe. He made a vow to never pull a pair of boxing gloves on his hands again. From October 1906 until early-May 1907, he worked at odd jobs around Goldfield and Tonopah without ever a passing thought of the boxing game. It was during this era that Rickard was parading a galaxy of the greatest fistic talent in the world before the blustering Nevada miners. Not by any stretch of the imagination could anyone have even dreamed the happy-go-lucky kid they all knew as Steve, the playboy who danced and frolicked around these two towns wearing high-heeled cowboy boots and a 10-gallon hat, would, in less than a year, blaze across the pugilistic horizon the most brilliant, colorful star in prize ring history.

Early in May 1907, Ketchel, while working as a teamster in Tonopah, bumped into a crowd of old Montana friends one night in the Arcade saloon. In the wild drinking orgy that followed, Tonopah citizens learned for the first time that their congenial friend Steve was a fighter. The Montana miners openly boasted that night, as they wended their way from one saloon to another, that their old pal, Kid Ketchel, "could lick any man in the state of Nevada."

Mike Schreck, one of the toughest heavyweights in the country, was in town training for his 45-round fight with Marvin Hart to be held on Memorial Day, May 30. His manager, overhearing the Montana boys' boasts and being in need of suitable sparring partners for his charge, offered Ketchel a job helping to put the big fellow into condition. Stanley, forgetting all about his vow of a few months before, accepted.

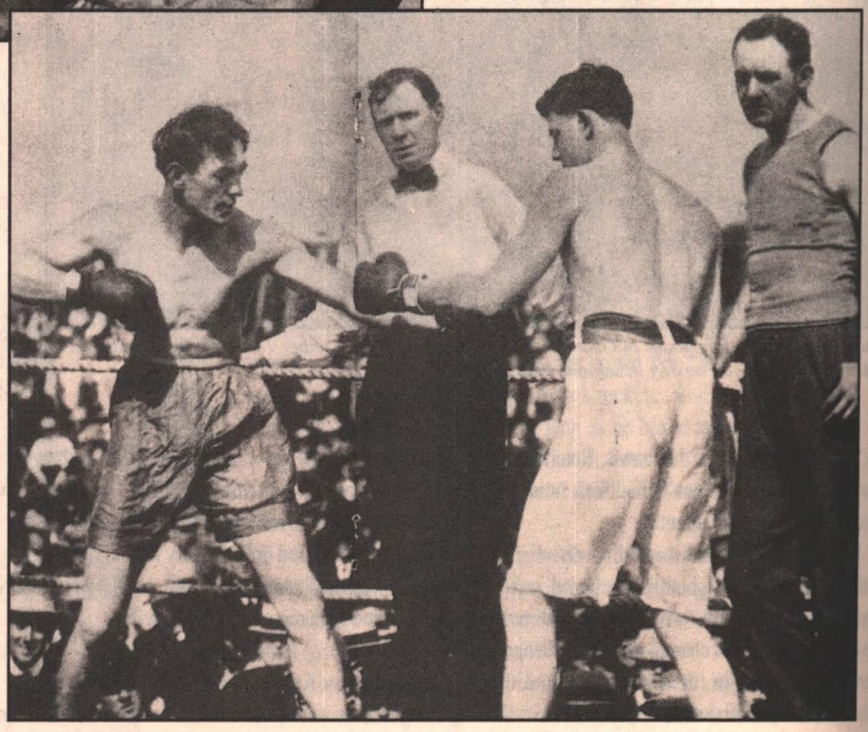
The next day, fight fans who were at Schreck's training quarters watching the Louisville Dutchman go through his training paces witnessed an unusual sight. As the big fellow donned the gloves and climbed into the ring to go through his sparring routine, Ketchel, stripped to the waist, wearing hip-overalls and cowboy boots, climbed into the ring with him. He did not even own a suit of gymnasium clothes.

Everyone in the crowd smiled, some in contemptuous mockery, some in friendly tolerance, while gloves were being tied on their friend Steve's hands.

"Beats hell some of the sparrin' partners that manager of mine can dig up," Schreck said, laughing sarcastically. Ketchel turned white with rage at that remark.

As soon as the gloves were tied on, he rushed across the ring at Schreck with the agility of a tiger. Schreck, confident that he had nothing to fear from a poorly conditioned welterweight, playfully stuck out a left jab, intending to set his training opponent back on his heels and teach him a lesson. His jab missed. Ketchel lashed out with a vicious left hook that didn't miss.

Groggy, his knees buckling under him for a moment, Schreck, too, became angry and tore into Ketchel with the same ferocity that had made him a terror among the heavyweights. A more vicious fight was never witnessed in Tonopah than Schreck



Above: Ketchel trains in San Francisco. Given the middleweight's power, that thin mattress doesn't look like suitable protection for his trainer. Right: Ketchel (left) poses with Joe Thomas before their memorable battle on July 4, 1907. The middleweights brawled to a 20-round draw in Marysville, California.

and Ketchel waged against each other for seven minutes before an excited manager and several training camp handymen could pull them apart. Aside from a few minor bruises about the face, and, puffing heavily, Ketchel was none the worse off for the brawl. Schreck, completely exhausted, both eyes blackened and nearly closed, his lips cut and bleeding, had to be helped from the ring.

A few days after his training camp brawl with Schreck, Ketchel, with a letter of introduction to a Sacramento fight promoter in his coat pocket, left Tonopah bound for California. A friendly newspaperman, believing that he saw in Steve the makings of a great champion, was the "guardian angel" who gave him this letter and started him off on another search for ring glory.

***

In those days George Brown, a tremendously clever and hard-hitting middleweight, made Sacramento his home. The fact that he had defeated some of the best middleweights in the game made him a big drawing card in his hometown. He was practically matched to meet the "Wonder Man," Joe Thomas, in Marysville on the Fourth of July. Hoping to pick up a few extra dollars for training expenses, Brown accepted a bout with Ketchel. He—and the Marysville promoters—thought an easy win over the hobo-fighter would also give him added prestige in the buildup for his bout with Thomas.

A big delegation of Marysville fight fans was in Sacramento that night (May 23, 1907) to witness the Brown-Ketchel fight. Ketchel had impressed the critics during his training bouts as being crude and unorthodox, and was a decided short-ender in the prefight betting. Boxing cleverly, Brown started off in the first round winning as he pleased. He continued his winning form through the second round.

The Marysville crowd was smiling broadly. They could vision a turn-away gate when the flashy colored boy boxed Thomas in their hometown on the Fourth of July. In the third round, their dreams—and George Brown—were suddenly dashed to oblivion. A terrific right uppercut to the point of the colored boy's chin ruined everything. Ketchel danced a jig in his corner while the referee went through the formality of counting Brown out. He could easily have counted on to 1,000, had it been necessary. Brown was out for several minutes. The next day Ketchel left Sacramento (via the rods on a Pullman car) for Redding. He didn't give the fans a chance to learn who he really was.

A big crowd of disappointed sports gathered at the railway station in Marysville this particular afternoon to welcome home the crowd of fight fans who had attended the fight in Sacramento the night before. For weeks, business organizations in this quiet, rural city of some 10 or 12,000 souls had been planning a giant Pioneer Day celebration to be held on the Fourth of July. They had intended to have as their chief attraction a championship fight.

Joe Thomas, generally recognized as the middleweight champion, had signed a contract several weeks previously calling for him to meet any opponent they selected in a 20-round bout during the afternoon of Pioneer Day. Thomas, a boxing marvel, a terrific hitter, and a genius in ring generalship, needed money. He had fought himself out of opponents on the "big time" among the welter and middleweights. He was the only world champion in prize ring history who was forced to go out in the "sticks" and meet alleged second-rate opponents for paltry guarantees.

The saloon keeper, appointed by the celebration committee to take charge of the boxing match, had made a diligent effort to match a nationally known fighter against Thomas, but his efforts had been

futile. He had wired flattering offers to Hugo Kelly, Billy Rhoads, Mike "Twin" Sullivan, and "Honey" Mellody. None of that aggregation of "tough babies" wanted any of Thomas' game. He was too clever and tough.

Failing in this, he had been obliged to do the next best thing—match the clever Brown against Thomas for the Fourth of July date. Considering that Brown was a big drawing card in Central California, and that he had stayed 10 rounds with Thomas two years before, it was the only logical selection he could make.

Now, he must give up the idea of sending the colored boy against Thomas. Brown's knockout in Sacramento the night before had ruined his last hope. "Who is this unknown hobo who knocked out Brown last night?" he asked several Marysville sportsmen loitering around the depot. Nobody seemed to know.

Enter into the story "Marysville Slim," private detective retained at Marysville by the railroad company to look after their property and arrest all transgressors who abused the company's rights. Over six feet tall, brutal, egotistic, and overzealous, he had established a reputation as the toughest "Yard Bull" between Sacramento and Portland.

He was the most despised man in Marysville. The quiet, peace-loving folks there had been horrified several times during the past few months when circumstances had forced them to watch Slim slug up, with a heavy blackjack, on helpless, inoffensive indigents whom he found loitering around the depot.

He was mingling in the crowd at the depot that very day, but not to greet the same group of citizens as the other members of the crowd. He had

THE RING RATINGS, *March 1937*

Sixto Escobar

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Jimmy Braddock

1. Max Schmeling
2. Joe Louis
3. Jack Trammell
4. Gunnar Barlund
5. Bob Pastor
6. Maxie Rosenbloom
7. Al Ettore
8. Leroy Haynes
9. Sonny Boy Walker
10. Arturo Godoy

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: John Henry Lewis

1. Al Gainer
2. Jock McAvoy
3. Ron Richards
4. Leo Kelly
5. Gus Lesnevich
6. Ray Actis
7. Lou Brouillard
8. Fred Lenhart
9. Allen Matthews
10. Swede Berglund

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion: Marcel Thil

1. Freddie Steele
2. Fred Apostoli
3. Teddy Yarosz
4. Solly Krieger
5. Kid Tunero
6. Ken Overlin
7. Babe Risko
8. Frank Battaglia
9. Erich Seelig
10. Oscar Rankins

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Barney Ross

1. Jack Carroll
2. Jimmy McLarnin
3. Ceferino Garcia
4. Izzy Jannazzo
5. Fritzie Zivic
6. Cocoa Kid
7. Jack Portney
8. Cleto Locatelli
9. Glen Lee
10. Milt Aron

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion: Lou Ambers

1. Enrico Venturi
2. Eddie Cool
3. Pedro Montanez
4. Tony Canzoneri
5. Laurie Stevens
6. Wesley Ramey
7. Aldo Spoldi
8. Billy Beauhold
9. Davey Day
10. Jimmy Walsh

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Petey Sarron

1. Henry Armstrong
2. Mike Belloise
3. Freddie Miller
4. Dick Corbett
5. Johnny McCrory
6. Tony Chavez
7. Young Rightmire
8. Nel Tarleton
9. Pete DeGrasse
10. Juan Zurita

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion: Sixto Escobar

1. Harry Jeffra
2. Frankie Martin
3. Lou Salica
4. Tony Marino
5. Baltasar Sangchili
6. K.O. Morgan
7. Johnny Cusick
8. Indian Quintana
9. Bobby Leyvas
10. Jackie Jurich

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Title Vacant

1. Benny Lynch
2. Small Montana
3. Peter Kane
4. Valentin Anglemann
5. Jim Warnock
6. Ernst Weiss
7. Tiny Bostock
8. Pat Palmer
9. Phil Milligan
10. Katzumi Morioka

received a wire from the special agent's office in Sacramento to be on the lookout for a young man thought to be riding the rods of the Portland Limited.

***

The train finally thundered into town. Marysville Slim, holding his blackjack in his right hand, stood on the platform crouching, looking under each coach as it passed by. "Come here, you," he shouted vehemently as the train stopped. Running a few steps to the side of the Pullman car, he reached under and grasped the coat collar of a young man of medium size. Using all the tremendous strength at his command, he gave a powerful jerk, loosening the youth's hold on the rods and landing him on the platform. Another powerful jerk and the hobo was standing upright beside him. Marysville Slim was rather taken aback, embarrassed, when he observed that the young fellow had not been frightened by his exhibition of brute force.

Instead of the usual trembling and stammering hobo, who avoided his gaze while begging for mercy, this young man stood up straight, unconcerned, unafraid, looking him straight in the eyes—grinning. The yard detective fairly boiled over with anger when he observed that the crowd was laughing at him—instead of the hobo.

"Here's what hobos get in this town," he shouted with an oath as he struck the grinning vagabond a terrific blow across the face with his blackjack. The young man's knees buckled under him for a moment as he tottered back, on the verge of going down. Recuperating quickly, he straightened up—fighting. He could take it.

***

Pandemonium broke loose that day at the railroad station as the hated railroad detective, armed with a heavy blackjack, and a grinning hobo, armed with only nature's weapons, his bare hands, fought savagely all over the depot platform. "Fight! Fight!" everyone seemed to be yelling in unison.

Emotionally, the crowd fairly screamed expressions of encouragement to the hobo, who seemed to be having all the better of the primitive encounter. The crowd soon swelled to twice, thrice, and then four times its original size as the shout "Marysville Slim is gettin' HIS," echoed all over town.

They shouted joyously every time the hobo landed a telling punch; they roared with laughter every time the yard detective swung his heavy blackjack—and missed.

Putting everything he had in one last desperate punch, the hobo landed a clean left hook to the point of the chin. Marysville Slim fell face-forward, out cold.

No championship ring classic ever had a more sudden, dramatic ending, nor did the winner ever receive a more spontaneous reception than the Marysville folks gave the winner of this rough-and-tumble brawl on the depot platform that hot May afternoon. Men and women from all walks of life around Marysville crowded about him, fighting for a chance to shake his hand. "Stay right in this town for the rest of your life," they shouted, laughing hysterically, "and whip that ____ every day," they added with an attitude of finality.

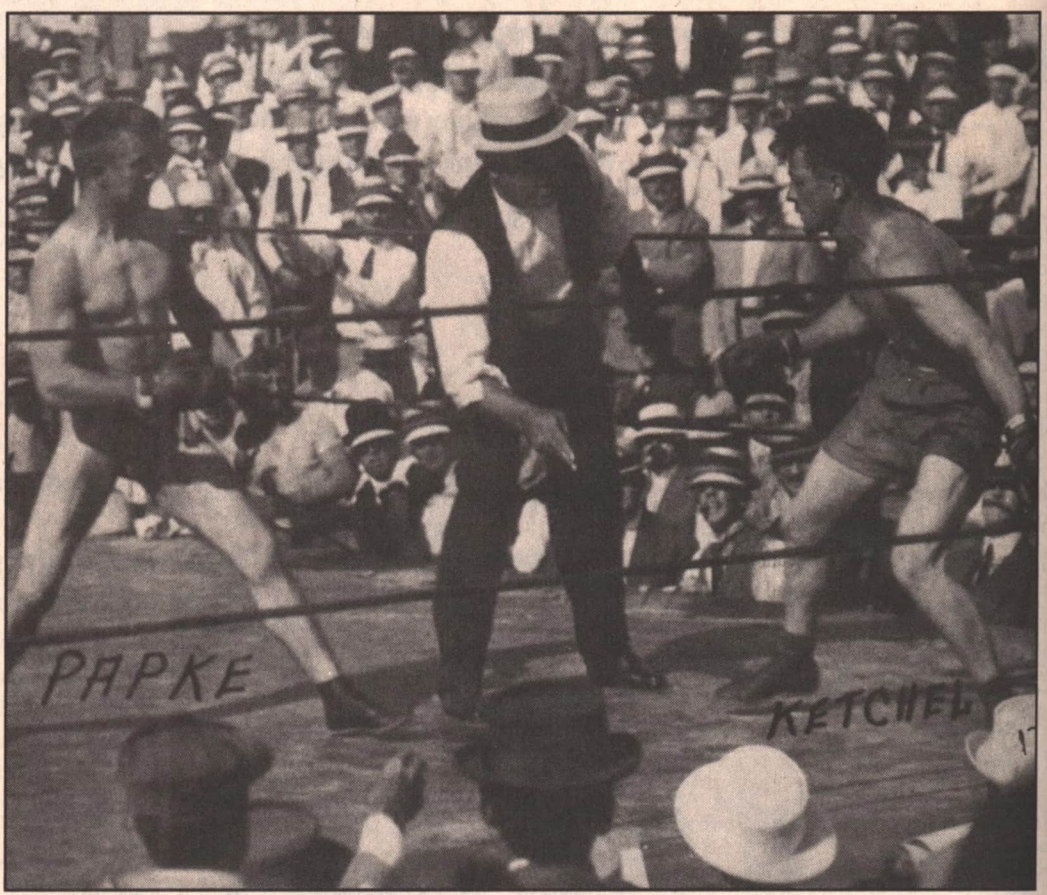
In dramatic mockery, Marysville Slim was carried into the little park at the end of the depot and laid out with his hands folded across his chest, his face directly under the spout of an old-fashioned pump. They kicked him on the soles of his shoes (a trick they had seen him do to sleeping hobos) and pumped cold water into his face to revive him.

***

The delegation of fight fans who had returned to Marysville on the very same train identified the winner of this primitive brawl as Kid Ketchel, who had knocked out the clever Negro fighter, Brown, in Sacramento the night before. During the excitement, the train had pulled out of town, and Ketchel, having nothing else to do, accepted an invitation the crowd extended him to "stick around and help us celebrate the event we have all been waiting for for the last six months."

Ketchel was wined and dined all over town for the remainder of the afternoon. By nightfall, the town was a madhouse. In every cafe, saloon, and dance hall, the sound of clinking glasses could be heard as men and women drank and sang to the health of "Kid Ketchel from Montana."

To the saloon keeper who was acting as



Ketchel lost the middleweight title to Billy Papke in September 1908. (The referee is former heavyweight champion Jim Jeffries.) In all, "The Michigan Assassin" beat Papke in three of their four bouts. Their rivalry is among the greatest in ring history.

matchmaker for the celebration committee (and Marysville Slim) we give the major credit for Ketchel's rise to the middleweight title. He was the first matchmaker who really saw the great possibilities in the colorful, dynamic ranch hand. He, a great judge of his rural town-folks' emotions, saw what Tex Rickard and Jim Coffroth had failed to see. He could visualize this hard-hitting, happy-go-lucky youth who smiled while he fought in the ring with the mighty Joe Thomas on the Fourth of July.

"That guy can fight," he told fellow members of the committee he called to his saloon for a conference that evening. "Thanks to that big jackass, Marysville Slim," he added, "there is not a man in California who would draw half the crowd in this town right now that fellow will." They all agreed.

"Go find him and sign him up," they ordered, as the conference broke up. The matchmaker started out in search of the hobo who had caused so much excitement since coming to town a few hours before.

"Stop the horse play and go get some sleep," he commanded Ketchel when he found him late that night with the belle of the town in his arms—dancing in the town's finest cafe. "You're going to fight Joe Thomas 20 rounds out at the ballpark on the Fourth of July, and you'll have to get into condition."

That was all the agreement Stanley and the matchmaker ever entered into for the fight that was to live in the memory of fight fans forever.

***

Ketchel created a unique interest in the coming battle as he trained down in the back room of the matchmaker's saloon—still wearing his 10-gallon hat and cowboy boots. Suitable sparring partners were hard to get in Marysville, and he did very little boxing for the fight that was to make him famous. By doing his roadwork faithfully every morning and putting in about an hour's time tossing beer kegs around every day, he rounded into wonderful shape for the first time in his life.

Thomas had trouble rounding into condition. He could not stand the terrific heat Marysville sweltered in during those hectic June days preceding the fight. Though a flood of "smart money" came over from San Francisco to be on Thomas, the Marysville folks covered every dollar of it, and Ketchel, the practically unknown challenger, went into the ring an even money choice to defeat one of the greatest champions the welterweight class ever boasted.

We will not dwell at length on the fight that sent Ketchel's name echoing around the world. Hundreds of columns have been written since, describing in full all the details of the most savage, sensational bout ever witnessed in California. It has been over a quarter of a century since that untutored, unsung ranch-hand stood in his simple canvas fighting shoes for 20 terrific rounds, sending blow for blow against the onslaught of a mighty champion.

Yet fight fans who witnessed that grueling contest can still close their eyes and see it all over again. They can still see Ketchel with his face, chest, and crude, homemade boxing trunks a smear of perspiration and blood, kidding with his seconds as he danced a jig to his corner at the end of each round. They can still see Thomas, battered and bleeding, panic-stricken at the thought of losing to an unknown, fighting like a tiger at bay in the closing rounds to fight himself into a draw with his laughing, taunting challenger.

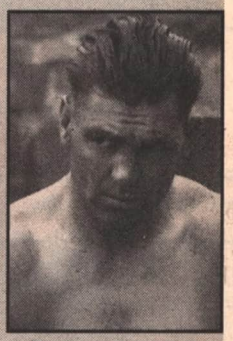
The remainder of Ketchel's colorful career is too well-known to eulogize further. Every boxing fan in the world is familiar with his ring achievements from this point on. They have all read many times how he knocked out Thomas in a return bout in San Francisco. How his four savage glove duels with "Thunderbolt" Billy Papke made him the most talked-about fighter in the world.

They all remember how his whirlwind style of fighting took New York—and Broadway—by storm. How he made—and spent—a quarter of a million dollars in the next three years. How Stanislaus Kaicel, as "Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin," became the most idolized champion to ever rule the middleweight division. ■

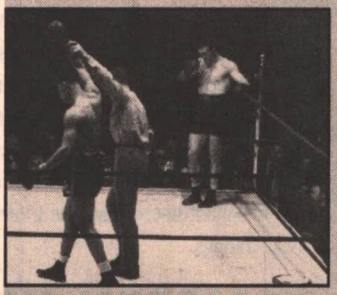
THE RING, March 1937

The Cover: Number-two rated featherweight Mike Belloise is the cover subject. The New Yorker was voted Most Clever Boxer for 1936. Belloise deserves a shot at world champion Petey Sarron. Trouble is, he's rated behind the sensational Henry Armstrong.

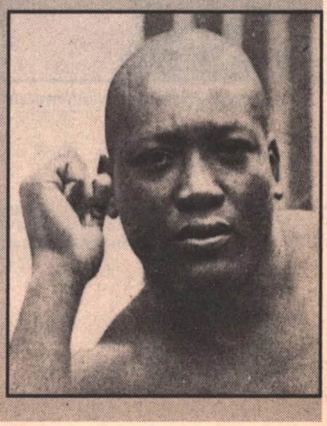
Dream Cards: As has become tradition, THE RING Publisher Nat Fleischer highlights his year-end issue by asking a major promoter to list his dream fights. This year, Madison Square Garden matchmaker Jimmy Johnston offers, among others, Joe Louis-Maxie Rosenbloom, Barney Ross-Ceferino Garcia, and Sixto Escobar-Mike Belloise.



The Perfect Heavyweight: In a search of the perfect heavyweight, Daniel M. Daniel suggests combining the power of Jack Dempsey (pictured), the skills of James J. Corbett, and the defense of Jack Johnson. The author's conclusion: We'll never see such a big man.



Year In Review: An exclusive photo feature highlights year-end action from rings across the world. Among the fights: Joe Louis-Eddie Simms (pictured), King Levinsky-Babe Hunt, Harry Jeffra-Sixto Escobar, and Bob Pastor-Ray Impellitiere.



Johnson Down Under: Author Bill Doherty examines Jack Johnson's years in Australia. It was Down Under that Johnson won the world heavyweight title, stopping Tommy Burns in 1908. One year earlier, he had topped Peter Felix and Bill Lang.

Looking Ahead

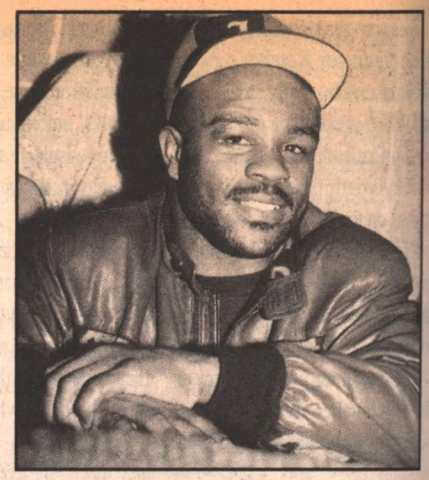


Photo by Joy Lash

Orlin Norris: The interminable wait

DON'T CALL US ...

Is cruiserweight Orlin Norris so good that a champion would exaggerate the effects of a car accident to avoid fighting him? As the WBA's mandatory contender, Norris is entitled to a shot at the division's highest profile fighter, champion Bobby Czyz. (Norris has been rated first by both the WBA and IBF for more than a year.)

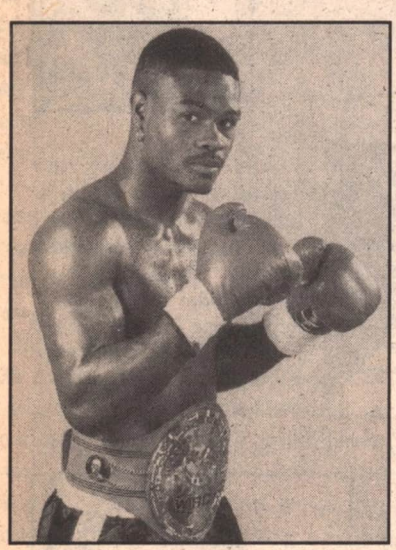
According to Scott Woodworth, who, along with Lou Falcigno, promotes Norris, the fight was to be made late last year, but Czyz was granted an exemption so his promoter, Don King, could try to arrange a defense vs. Thomas Hearns. After that fell through because of Hearns' hand injury, Czyz-Norris went to purse offers. King won with a bid of $401,000. Then, in March, Czyz was involved in a car accident.

"When Bobby got hit by the car," said Abel Sanchez, Norris' manager, "[Orlin] thought it was a fake, that [the injuries] were made out to be more than they really were."

Czyz hasn't fought since May 1992. Woodworth has heard that Czyz-Norris will happen in October, but he has no contract from King, and no official word from the WBA.

"If we fight Czyz and win the title," he says, "you can be rest assured we're gonna march right through the division."

DANCE CARD FILLED



Terry Norris: Moving to middleweight

Don King may have signed IBF junior middleweight champion Gianfranco Rosi to a promotional deal, but don't expect the long-reigning Italian to square off in a unification battle vs. WBC champion Terry Norris. "Terrible Terry," who is contracted to three more fights with King, has filled his calendar. As we went to press, Norris, the brother of cruiserweight contender Orlin Norris (see item above), was scheduled to defend against New Jersey powerpuncher Joe Gatti on the Chavez-Whitaker card in San Antonio on September 10. In late-November or early-December, he'll finally meet top-ranked Simon Brown in a mandatory defense that has twice been canceled because of injuries to Brown. And early in 1994, Norris will move up and challenge the winner of the WBA middleweight title fight between champion Reggie Johnson and Julian Jackson. (Johnson and Jackson will clash on the Norris-Brown card.)

Norris' jump to middleweight will destroy any chance of a bout with the winner of Chavez-Whitaker. Bottom line: Even if he triumphs at 160 pounds, he'll be ranked (at best) second in the pound-for-pound ratings.

LISTEN UP

IBF junior welterweight champion **Charles Murray** will make his next defense against former titlist **Rafael Pineda**. As classy as Murray has looked in recent outings, the Colombian shouldn't pose much of a problem ... WBC/IBF junior flyweight champion **Michael Carbajal** is hot, and Top Rank will continue to promote him on pay-per-view cards. Next up will be Dominican **Domingo Sosa** on October 30. Then "Little Hands Of Stone" will engage in a rematch with **Chiquita Gonzalez**. After that, look for a showdown with either WBA 108-pound king **Myung Woo Yuh** or WBC strawweight champion **Ricardo Lopez**. ■

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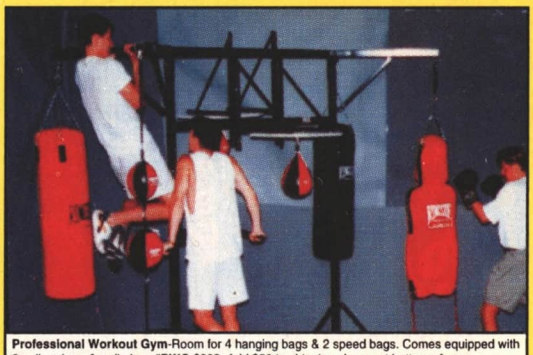

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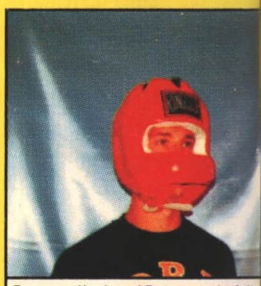

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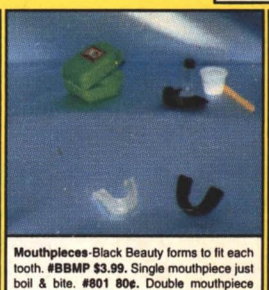

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